THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

THE PREMATURE GRADUATE.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE I.

Mr. and Mrs. Higgins, plain country people, discovered in the kitchen of a farm house.

Mr. H. I'll tell you what, wife, 'twas a foolish notion of yours--a pesky foolish notion--sending our son Bob to college.

Mrs. H. La, husband, who need you keep talking about it--the boy 's gone to college, and there's an end on't.

Mr. H I tell you there isn't an end on't--if it was, faith, I should be consarned, and should hold my tongue into the bargain.

Mrs. H. Well, and why dont you?

Mr. H. Why dont I? why dont I leave off complaining when the boy is running up his plaguy college bills, and when all the potatoes I carry to market wont find him in pocket-money? Plague take this sending a boy to college, it costs more than it comes to--I never went to college, and how have I got along?

Mrs. H. Ah, husband, 'tis a great city indeed. If you had taken to learning, instead of the plough, I might have been a minister's wife, for all I know.

Mr. H. Why not it, wife, you'd have cut a pretty figure, wouldn't you, furbelowed up in satins and trotting off to meeting hold of my arm--and I, old farmer Higgins--no, parson Higgins--spruced up in a black gown, with a face as long as your arm--ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. H. Well, I see nothing so very laughable in all that. I'm sure you might have made a very good preacher, if you'd only have had a turn for it.

Mr. H. Don't go preaching to me, wife, about what I might have been, when I've hard work enough to keep myself as I am.

Mrs. H. Really, Mr. Higgins, what has happened now, that you seem to be so terrible out of sorts.

Mr. H. Happened! faith 'tis always happening--here's come home to-day Bob's regular quarter bill--faith, I wish he was as regular as his bills--forty-six dollars and forty-seven cents, for books, board, and washing, with sundry charges in hog latin, the 'squire himself couldn't puzzle out.

Mrs. H. Pray, do be calm, Mr. Higgins, there's no occasion for fretting; you know Bobby has most got through, he's now in the Juvenile class, that's the last year but one, and then he'll be graderated.

Mr. H. Oh, that's all easy enough to you womenfolks--you havn't no more idees consarning money, and where it is to come from, than a cow about catching woodchucks. I'll tell you what I'm resolved upon.

Mrs. H. What in the marcy is it? (*raising her spectacles.*) I hope you aint got any evil-minded intentions?

Mr. H. I dont know what you will call them, but I'm resolved--faith, I'm resolved, that as soon as Bob comes home to vacation, instead of lounging about under foot all the time, he shall go to work. I'll see if he can't cut his own fodder.

Mrs. H. I declare, now, Mr. Higgins, I am astonished to hear you talk so! Put the boy to work!--spoil his delicate hands--tan his white complexion--ruin his health--and keep him from his studies,--and all for what? just to get a kettle work out of the boy,--I am ashamed on you!

Mr. H. No, faith, it aint a little, but 'tis a good deal of work, I mean to get out of him. I'll have no college jokers crawling about my premises.

Mrs. H. What will the neighbors say, to see our Bobby out working in the fields? I shouldn't be surprised if he lost the situation of school-master next winter.

Mr. H. Well, let him. I want somebody at home in sledding time, to help me out in the woods. I dare say Bob can drive a team.

Mrs. H. Worse and worse! You are really growing distempered. The boy will never make a minister in the world, if you cramp his genius in this way: he must have room to grow.

Mr. H. So must a cabbage! Don't talk to me about growing and genius!--I've no notion of them 'ere sort of tricks and fancies. I say, a parson or a 'squire ought to turn his hand to something profitable occasionally, and not be all the time pleading and preaching--That's my doctrine.

Mrs. H. Yes--but our Bobby is so promising! You know how it came into his head all at once to go to college.

Mr. H. I know--I know--but——

Mrs. H. He was out in the corn field the very day he was nineteen--it was 'lection-day afternoon--and he was hoeing corn——

Mr. H. What do you want to be raking that old story up again for? I say——

Mrs. H. He wa'n't *raking*--he was *hoeing*, I tell--and was despert overcome with dirt and fatigue, when he takes up his hoe, and sticks it by the handle as deep into the ground as he could, and comes right in, and says to me, says he, "mother, I've done hoeing and am going to get my living some easier way." From that time forth he took to larning. Now wasn't that sort of miraculous, and dont it look as though he was destined to some great end?

Mr. H Well, well, it was only the singularity of the boy's conduct in that are affair that ever made me consent to his going to college. You haunted me night and day, in-doors and out, and I hadn't a moment's peace till I gave my consent; but faith I'd no mortal conception of the expense, or he might have whistled for it.

Mrs. H. Do keep cool, husband, now be quiet; our Bobby will be to home bimeby and I want every thing smooth, the poor boy has to study so hard, he enjoys very slim health, I fear. (*Sobbing.*) (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II

Mr. and Mrs. H. in conversation. Enter Bob, a tall country dandy, wearing full pantaloons, green glasses, a huge watch-seal, and a cane.

Bob. Eh, old folks, how are you? How d'ye do mother--how d'ye do? (*shaking her by the hand.*)

Mrs. H. Why, really, how the boy has improved!--I declare I should hardly have known him.

Mr. H. Hem! Oh, the young spendthrift! (*aside*) Hem! Well, Bob, I am glad to see you; I hope you are well?

Bob. Thank you, father. I am at present in a tolerable state of salubrity; hard study, however, has had an effect on my optics, and so I wear glasses.

Mrs. H. Poor boy, poor boy! you shouldn't meddle with *hop-sticks*--they are always getting into the eyes; but really, the spectacles are very becoming. I hope you didn't suffer much?

Bob. Not much, mother.

Mr. H. Faith, Bob, you are growing old fast, to want specs--'tis all fudge! *I* never wore specs. If you had lost your eyesight there would be some use in wearing them.

Bob. Not if I had wholly lost it, father; but as my vision is only partially eradicated, I find great assistance from the glasses.

Mr. H. I'll lay a wager, Bob, you can see better without them than with them--so give them to me and I will keep them against you are a minister.

Bob. Thank you, father, I shall have a *surplus* then, I shall have no need of them--so, if they are an eyesore to you, you are welcome to the glasses—

Mrs. H. Oh, Bobby, how I long to see you dressed up in your surplice and preaching your first sarmon--how affecting it will be!

Mr. H. Faith, I think so too--but no more of this at present. How long is your vacation, Bob?

Bob. Let me ruminate a moment, father and I'll tell you. Yesterday was Commencement day and it is four hebdomads from that; four multiplied by seven gives product exactly twenty eight--so that it is twenty eight days and some odd hours, that constitutes that part of the summer solstice called the summer vacation.

Mrs. H. Why really, how astonishing is the boys gastronomy--he figures like an almanac!

Mr. H. Well, Bob, yesterday was commencement at College, to day must be commencement at home--I have considerable work on hand and you must take hold and help me.

Bob. The old Day-book, I presume, wants posting; butter, cheese, eggs, poultry, wool, sheep, calves, and cider are to be transfered from the day-book or the Blotter as it is called in Hebrew--to the Ledger, by that art or process known among the Egyptians as *ledger*-demain.

Mr H. No, Bob, I can take care of my own books since you made such a confounded blunder in them. I dont want any gypsies or Egyptians,--what I want is your assistance on the farm.

Mrs. H. (*aside to her husband.*) Now pray dont, Mr. Higgins—pray dont—you'll offend me mortally.

Bob. The farm?—I cant say father that I understand your *pharm*-acology.

Mr. H. I'll farmer college you, you dog you! Dont understand your own father, do you? I will give you a few lessons and see if I cant make a college farmer of you.

Bob. Oh—eh—I think I begin to comprehend—but it cant be—it cant be.—

Mrs. H. Nor it sha'nt be, it sha'nt be, Mr. Higgins you won't disgrace the family by making the boy work on the farm?

Mr. H. Disgrace! faith wife, tis three and twenty years come Christmas since we have worked on the farm, and pray has the family been disgraced?

Mrs. H. Ah husband, but it does'nt argy that the boy must work cause we have worked—he is destined for a larger and a higher field.

Mr. H. Well, be it so, I'll take him up in the long pasture then—so come along Bob and lend me a hand at raking.

Mrs. H. Why, Mr. Higgins, you are not in arnest are you?

Mr. H. Never more so in my life.

Bob. Come come, father,—this is carrying the joke too far—you are making quite a grave matter of it.

Mrs H. Yes, Mr. Higgins, it will be the death of the poor boy, I assure you.

Bob, I protest, father, against this serious railery and shall retire to my studies.

Mr. H. To your studies? Why, faith, boy, hav'nt you been at them the whole quarter and cant you lend us a lift just now, when we are hard pushed at haying?

Bob. But, father, how should I look following your workmen in my college dress?

Mr. H. Why faith, like a stuck pig, I guess—so just strip it off as I do—come, come, Bob, behave like a man and follow me instantly. (*Exit*)

Mrs. H. Bobby, Bobby, you sha'nt go—you sha'nt go—I'll run after your father and use my authority. (*Exit*)

Bob. (*Solus.*) Behave like a man! a man! pugh! a plow jogger, a delver in the earth, a miserable mechanical brute. Is it come to this? Is it possible that I, Hiram Higgins, member of the Junior Class—the fellow that sports the best cloth in college and sets the table in a roar with my jokes, must now mix with the common herd in the field,

"And waste my sweetness on the desert air?"

Oh, I cant stand it—I can't stand it. (*Enter Mr. H.*)

Mr. H. Why don't you come along, Bob—come along, and not be dilly-dallying there.

Bob. I cant, father, I cant.

Mr. H. Dont tell me you cant—I say you shall. (*Takes hold of and endeavors to pull him out. Enter Mrs. H. She rushes forward and pulls Bob in the opposite direction.*)

Mrs. H. He shant go—he shant disgrace the family—I declare he shant, if I die for't. (*Pulls violently.*)

Mr. H. I say he shall—come along, Bob—come along. (*Continues pulling.*)

Bob. Oh—oh—father—mother—fire—murder—let go—you'll split me in two! you'll tear my new coat! (*Enter Parson Smoothface.*)

Pars. What is all this—what a scene, and in a christian family!

Mr. H. (*Dropping his hold of Bob.*) Yes, sir, 'tis a scene--but I cant help it—I am determined my boy shall assist me in my work—my wife is determined he shant—she thinks he will thereby disgrace the family, but I submit to you whether this scene is not a greater disgrace.

Mrs. H. Oh dear—oh dear—I am ruined and undone forever—I shall be discommunicated.

Pars. Hold, madam, while I speak. Your conduct merits censure; your fondness for your child has made you forget obedience to your husband—what he dictates, you should obey. As for your son, here, from my heart, I pity him. I come but now to announce to you his expulsion from college.

Bob. (*Aside.*) I am blown—blown slick as a whistle, by the pipers!

Pars. He has been guilty of numerous indiscretions—not to say crimes—at college, and the faculty have deputed me to break to yourselves the intelligence of his expulsion.

Mrs. H. Oh dear, oh dear—it will break my heart.

Mr. H. Faith, I am glad ont—I'm glad ont—not that your heart is broke, wife, for that can be mended as easy as a broken pitcher—but I'm glad the boy is sent off from college, for I am confounded sick of paying his bills, and want his help at home--so come along, Bob.

Bob. 'Tis the fates' decree, and I submit. (*Exeunt.*)

D.

THE GLADIATOR.

Doctor Bird's new Tragedy, of the Gladiator, was brought out at the Park on Monday evening. The weather was very rainy, and the house very much crowded. But a new play, and the return of Forrest, after an absence of some months, would of course draw an overflowing house, though it rained pitchforks. The play, however, went off vastly well—not being injured in the least by the van and rear guards—the Prologue and the Epilogue—in the first of which (spoken by Mr. Richings) the name of the Poles, judiciously introduced, caught at least three rounds of applause; and in the last (spoken by Mrs. Sharpe) an appeal to an American audience in favor of an American dramatist, and spoken by a favorite actress, could not be resisted.

Spartacus, the hero of the peice (Forrest) is a Thracian slave brought to rome to contend in the gladiatorial games. His brother, Phasarius, (Barry) whom he has not seen for many years, is introduced into the arena against him, and an affecting discovery of their relationship takes place. They embrace one another, and instead of directing their swords against each other's bosoms, they turn them against the Romans their common enemies. They are joined by the slaves from their own and other nations, a numerous army is soon raised and the slaves are victorious. In the midst of this success the brothers quarrel about a female prisoner, which Phasarius is determined to retain, and Spartacus equally determined to restore to her friends. On this Phasarius withdraws and takes with him a great part of their army. Thus divided, their cause is ruined. The followers of Phasarius are slain in battle and executed on the cross—a vivid account of which is given by their leader, who repenting too late, returns to implore his brother's forgiveness. The scene is one of strong interest. Phasarius is forgiven, and the wife and child of Spartacus intrusted to his care, while the nobler brother makes one last effort, with his little band of faithful Thracians, to cut their way through their surrounding enemies. Owing to the rashness of Phasarius, the wife and child of Spartacus lose their lives, and Phasarius himself is slain. The hero, having now nothing further to live for, and rendered desperate by his situation, rushes fiercely into the midst of his enemies, and falls covered with wounds. And so the peice closes.

The Courier says it is damned. Ma conscience! as Bailie Nichol Jarvie says, what a hard word! We have no idea that the Gladiator will outlive Hamlet, Othello, and the rest of Shakspeare—but there is nevertheless very good reading in it—excellent prose, and very passable poetry. There are however instances of bad taste in the latter—"*babbles and tumbles*" is an ill phrase—the two words do not go well together. A rill babbles, but it requires a stream of a larger size to make much of a business of tumbling. Correct it, dear Doctor.

TORTURE. Four negroes, suspected to be ringleaders of the contemplated insurrection at Wilmington, N. C. are said to have been *flogged* to make them confess the plot; and the confession being flogged out of them, they were put to death. Does our government allow of *torture?* But we had forgotten that there is one kind of justice for whites, and another for blacks and Indians.

Monument to Fulton.—The Cincinnati American contains a proposition on this subject in these words: "No part of the world has received the same benefits from the application of steam-power to purposes of inland navigation, as the great valley of the Mississippi. From the Alleghanies to the Lakes—from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico and the Rocky Mountains, this vast region of alluvion is indented with the noblest rivers. What place so eligible in all this rich and magnificent valley, as one of the heights upon the Ohio, contiguous to the beautiful and flourishing city of Cincinnati, for a monument, to perpetuate the name of Robert Fulton. He was indeed our greatest benefactor, and his memory ought to be embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen. I ask, without the advantages derived from the power of steam applied to machinery, what would Cincinnati, now the fifth commercial and manufacturing town in the union, have been? And what would Ohio, now the fourth State in the Union, containing a million of inhabitants, and adorned with the arts, what would she have now been? Comparatively what she but yesterday was—a wilderness."

MISCELLANY.

THE PACHA OF MANY TALES.

We conclude the strange narrative of the Greek. The orientalism of the story is very well sustained, notwithstanding it is of English fabrick.

"Your Highness cannot imagine the alarm which I felt when the cask was taken away by the aga's slaves. I gave myself up for a lost man, and resolved upon immediate flight from Smyrna. I calculated the time that itt would take for the aga to drink the wine and made my arrangements accordingly. I told my master that it was my intention to leave him, as I had an offer to go into business with a relation at Zante. My master, who could not well do without me intreated me to stay; but I was positive. He then offered me a share of the business if I would remain but I was not to be persuaded. Every rap at the door, I thought that the aga and his janissaries were coming for me; and I hastened my departure, which was fixed for the following day,—when in the evening my master came into the store with a paper in his hand.

'Charis,' said he, 'perhaps you have supposed that I only offered to make you a partner in my business to induce you to remain, and then to deceive you. To prove the contrary, here is a deed drawn up by which you are a partner, entitled to one-third of the future profits. Look at it, you will find that it has been executed in due form before the cadi.'

He had put the paper into my hand, and I was about to return it with a refusal, when a loud knock at the door startled us both. It was a party of janissaries dispatched by the aga, to bring us to him immediately. I knew well enough what it must be about and I cursed my folly in having delayed so long: but the fact was, the wine proved so agreeable to the aga's palate that he had drank it much faster than usual: besides which, the body of the slave took up at least a third of the cask, and diminished the contents in the same proportion. There was no appeal, and no escape. My master, who was ignorant of the cause, did not seem at all alarmed, but willingly accompanied the soldiers. I, on the contrary, was nearly dead from fear.

When we arrived, the aga burst out in the most violent exclamations against my master—'Thou rascal of a Jew!' said he, 'dost thou think that thou art to impose upon a true believer, and sell him a pipe of wine which is not more than two thirds full,—filling it up with trash of some sort or another. Tell me, what it is that is so heavy in the cask now that it is empty?'

The Jew protested his ignorance, and appealed to me: I, of course, pretended the same. 'Well, then,' replied the aga, 'we will soon see. Let thy Greek send for his tools, and the cask shall be opened in our presence; then perhaps thou wilt recognize thine own knavery.'

Two of the janissaries were dispatched for the tools, and when they arrived I was directed to take the head out of the cask. I now considered my death as certain—nothing buoyed me up but my observing that the resentment of the aga was levelled more against my master than against me; but still I thought that, when the cask was opened, the recognition of the black slave must immediately take place, and the evidence of my master would fix the murder upon me.

It was with a trembling hand that I obeyed the orders of the aga—the head of the pipe was taken out, and to the horror of all present, the body was exposed; but instead of being black, it had turned *white*, from the time which it had been immersed. I rallied a little at this circumstance, as, so far, suspicion would be removed.

'Holy Abraham!' exclaimed my master, 'what is that which I see!—A dead body, so help me God!—but I know nothing about it—do you, Charis?' I vowed that I did not, and called the Patriarch to witness the truth of my assertion. But while we were thus exclaiming, the aga's eyes were fixed upon my master with an indignant and deadly stare which spoke volumes; while the remainder of the people who were present although, they said nothing, seemed as if they were ready to tear him into pieces.

'Cursed unbeliever!' at last uttered the Turk, 'is it thus thou preparest the wine for the disciples of the Prophet?'

'Holy father Abraham!—I know no more than you do, aga, how that body came there; but I will change the cask with pleasure and will send you another.'

'Be it so,' replied the aga; 'my slaves shall fetch it now.' He gave directions accordingly, and the litter soon reappeared with another pipe of wine.

'It will be a heavy loss to a poor Jew—one pipe of good wine,' observed my master, as it was rolled out of the litter; and he took up his hat with the intention to depart.

'Stay,' cried the aga, 'I do not mean to rob you of your wine.'

'Oh, then, you will pay me for it,' replied my master; aga, you are a considerate man.'

'Thou shalt see,' retorted the aga, who gave directions to his slaves to draw off the wine in vessels. As soon as the pipe was empty, he desired me to take the head out; and when I had obeyed him, he ordered his janissaries to put my master in. In a minute he was gagged and bound, and tossed into the pipe; and I was directed to put in the head as before. I was very unwilling to comply; for I had no reason to complain of my master, and knew that he was punished for the fault of which I had been guilty. But it was a case of life or death,—and the days of self-devotion have long passed away in our country. Besides which, I had the deed in my pocket by which I was a partner in the business, and my master had no heirs,—so that I stood a chance to come into the whole of his property. Moreover——

'Never mind your reasons,' observed the Pacha, 'you headed him up in the cask—go on.'

'I did so, your Highness; but although I dared not disobey, I assure you it was with a sorrowful heart—the more so, as I did not know the fate which might be reserved for myself.'

As soon as the head was in, and the hoops driven on, the aga desired his slaves to fill thy cask up again with the wine; and thus did my poor master perish.

'Put in the bung, Greek,' said the aga, in a stern voice.

I did so, and stood trembling before him.

'Well! what knowest thou of this transaction?'

I thought, as the aga had taken away the life of my master, that it would not hurt him if I took away a little from his character. I answered that I really knew nothing, but that the other day, a black slave had disappeared in a very suspicious manner—that no master made very little inquiry after him—and I now strongly suspected that he must have suffered the same fate. I added, that my master had expressed himself very sorry that his highness had taken away the pipe of wine, as he would have reserved it.

'Cursed Jew!' replied the aga; 'I dont doubt but that he has murdered a dozen in the same manner.'

'I am afraid so, Sir,' replied I, 'and suspect that I was to have been his next victim; for when I talked of going away, he persuaded me to stay, and gave me this paper, by which I was to become his partner with one-third of the profits. I presume that I should not have enjoyed them long.'

'Well, Greek,' observed the aga, 'this is fortunate for you; as, upon certain conditions, you may enter upon the whole property. One is, that you keep this pipe of wine with the rascally Jew in it, that I may have the pleasure occasionally to look at my revenge. You will also keep the pipe with the other body in it that it may keep my anger alive. The last is, that you will supply me with what wine I may require, of the very best quality, without making any charge. Do you consent to these terms, or am I to consider you as a party to this infamous transaction?'

I hardly need observe that the terms were gladly accepted. Your Highness must be aware that nobody thinks much about a Jew. When I was questioned as to his disappearance, I shrugged up my shoulders and told the inquirers, confidentially, that the aga of the janissaries had put him *in prison*, and that I was carrying on the business until his release.

In compliance with the wishes of the aga, the two casks containing the Jew and the Ethiopian slave, were placed together on settles higher than the rest, in the centre of the store. He would come in the evening, and rail at the cask containing my late master for hours at a time; during which he drank so much wine, that it was a common circumstance for him to remain in the house until the next morning.

You must not suppose, your Highness, that I neglected to avail myself (unknown to the aga) of the peculiar properties of the wine which those casks contained. I had them spiled underneath, and, constantly running off the wine from them, filled them up afresh. In a short time there was not a gallon in my possession which had not a *dash* in it of either the Ethiopian or the Jew; and my wine was so improved, that it had a most rapid sale, and I became rich.

All went on prosperously for three years; when the aga, who during that time had been my constant guest, and at least three times a-week had been intoxicated in my house, was ordered with his troops to join the Sultan's army. By keeping company with him, I had insensibly imbibed a taste for wine, altho' I never had been inebriated. The day that his troops marched, he stopped at my door, and dismounting from his Arabian, came in to take a farewell glass, desiring his men to go on and that he would ride after them. One glass brought on another, and the time flew rapidly away. The evening closed in, and the aga was as usual, in a state of intoxication; he insisted upon going down to the store, to rail once more at the cask containing the body of the Jew. We had long been on the most friendly terms, and having this night drank more than usual, I was incautious enough to say—'Prithee, aga, do not abuse my poor master any more, for he has been the making of my fortune. I will tell you a secret now that you are going away—there is not a drop of wine in my store that has not been flavoured either by him or the slave in the other cask. That is the reason why it is so much better than others people's.'

'How!' exclaimed the aga, who was now almost incapable of speech—'Very well, rascal Greek! die you shall, like your master. Holy Prophet! what a state for a Musculman to go to Paradise—impregnated with the essence of a cursed Jew!—Wretch! you shall die—you shall die.'

He made a grasp at me, and missing his foot, fell on the ground in such a state of drunkenness as not to be able to get up again. I knew that when he became sober, he would not forget what had taken place and that I should be sacrificed to his vengeance. The fear of death, and the wine I had drunk, decided me how to act. I dragged him into an empty pipe, put the head in, hooped it up, and rolling it into the tier, filled it with wine. Thus did I revenge my poor master, and relieved myself from any further molestation on the part of the aga.

'What!' cried the Pacha in a rage, 'you drowned a true believer—an aga of janissaries! Thou dog of a Kafir—thou son of Shitan—And dare avow it! Call in the executioner.'

'Mercy! your sublime Highness, mercy!' cried the Greek—'Have I not your promise by the sword of the Prophet? Besides, he was no true believer, or he would not have disobeyed the law. A good Musulman will never touch a drop of wine.'

'I promised to forgive, and did forgive, the murder of the black slave; but an aga of janissaries!—Is not that quite another thing!' appealed the Pacha to Mustapha.

'Your Highness is just in your indignation—the Kafir deserves to be impaled. Yet there are two considerations which your slave ventures to submit to your sublime wisdom. The first is, that your Highness gave an unconditional promise, and swore by the sword of the prophet.'

'Staffir Allah! what care I for that! Had I sworn to a true believer, it were something.'

'The other is, that the slave has not finished his story, which appears to be interesting.'

'Wallah! that is true. Let him finish his story.'"

The Greek slave remained with his face on the ground; and it was not until a renewal of the promise, sworn upon the holy standard made out of the nether garments of the Prophet, by the Pacha, who had recovered his temper and was anxious for the conclusion of the story, that he could be induced to proceed, which he did as follows:—

'As soon as I had bunged up the cask I went down to the yard where the aga had left his horse, and having severely wounded the poor beast with his sword, I let it loose that it might gallop home. The noise of the horse's hoofs in the middle of the night, aroused his family, and when they discovered that it was wounded and without its rider, they imagined that the aga had been attacked and murdered by banditti when he had followed his troop. They sent to me to ask at what time he had left my house; I replied, an hour after dark—that he was very much intoxicated at the time—and had left his sabre which I returned. They had no suspicions of the real facts, and it was believed that he had perished on the road.

I was now rid of my dangerous acquaintance, and although he certainly had drank a great quantity of my wine, yet I recovered the value of it with interest, from the flavour which I obtained from his body and imparted to what I had left. I raised him up alongside of the two other casks; and my trade was more profitable and my wines in greater repute than ever.

But one day the cadi, who had heard my wine extolled, came privately to my house: I bowed to the ground at the honor conferred, for I had long wished to have him as a customer. I drew some of my best: 'This, honourable Sir,' said I, presenting the glass, 'is what I call my aga wine: the late aga was so fond of it, he used to order a whole cask at once to his house, and had it taken there in a litter.'

'A good plan,' replied the cadi—'much better than sending a slave with a pitcher, which gives occasion for remarks: I will do the same; but first, let me taste all you have.'

He tasted several casks, but none pleased him so much as the first which I had recommended. At last he cast his eyes upon the three casks raised above the others.

'And what are those?' inquired he.

'Empty casks, Sir,' replied I; but he had his stick in his hand and he struck one.

'Greek, thou tellest me these casks are empty, but they do not sound so; I suspect that thou hast better wine than I have tasted: draw me off from these immediately.'

'I was obliged to comply—he tasted them—vowed that the wine was exquisite, and that he would purchase the whole. I stated to him that the wine in those casks was used for flavouring the rest; and that the price was enormous—hoping that he would not pay it. He inquired how much—I asked him four times the price of the other wines.

'Agreed,' said the cadi; 'it is dear—but one cannot have good wine without paying for it: it is a bargain.'

I was very much alarmed; and stated that I could not part with those casks, as I should not be able to carry on my business with reputation, if I lost the means of flavouring my wines—but all in vain; he said that I had asked a price and he had agreed to give it. Ordering his slaves to bring a litter, he would not leave the store until the whole of the casks were carried away—and thus did I lose my Ethiopian, my Jew, and my Aga.

As I knew that the secret would soon be discovered, the very next day I prepared for my departure. I received my money from the cadi, to whom I stated my intention to leave, as he had obliged me to sell him those wines, and I had no longer hopes of carrying on my business with success. I again begged him to allow me to have them back, offering him three pipes of wine as a present if he would consent—but it was no use. I chartered a vessel, which I loaded with the rest of my stock; and, taking all my money with me, made sail for Corfu, before any discovery had taken place. But we encountered a heavy gale of wind, which, after a fortnight, (during which we attempted in vain to make head against it) forced us back into Smyrna. When the weather moderated, I directed the captain to take the vessel into the outer roadstead, that I might sail as soon as possible. We had not dropped anchor again more than five minutes, when I perceived a boat pulling off from the shore, in which was the cadi and the officers of justice.

Convinced that I was discovered, I was at a loss how to proceed, when the idea occurred to me that I might conceal my own body in a cask, as I had before so well concealed those of others.

I called the captain down into the cabin, and telling him that I had reason to suspect that the cadi would take my life, offered him a large part of the cargo if he would assist me.

The captain, who, unfortunately for me, was a Greek, consented. We went down into the hold, started the wine out of one of the pipes, and having taken out the head, I crawled in, and was hooped up.

The cadi came on board immediately afterwards and enquired for me. The captain stated that I had fallen overboard in the gale, and that he had in consequence returned, the vessel not being consigned to any house at Corfu.

'Has then the accursed villain escaped my vengeance?' exclaimed the cadi; the murderer, that fines his wines with the bodies of his fellow creatures! but you may deceive me, Greek—we will examine the vessel.

The officers who accompanied the cadi proceeded carefully to search every part of the ship. Not being able to discover me, the Greek captain was believed; and, after a thousand imprecations upon my soul, the cadi and his people departed.

I now breathed freer, notwithstanding I was nearly intoxicated with the lees of the wine which impregnated the wood of the cask, and I was anxious to be set at liberty; but the treacherous captain had no such intention, and never came near me. At night he cut his cable and made sail, and I overheard a conversation between two of the men, which made known to me his intentions: these were, to throw me overboard on his passage, and take possession of my property. I cried out to them from the bung-hole: I screamed for mercy, but in vain. One of them answered, that, as I had murdered others, and put them into casks, I should now be treated in the same manner.

I could not but mentally acknowledge the justice of my punishment, and resigned myself to my fate; all that I wished was, to be thrown overboard at once and released from my misery. The momentary anticipation of death appeared to be so much worse than the reality. But it was ordered otherwise: a gale of wind blew up with such force, that the captain and crew had enough to do to look after the vessel, and, either I was forgotten, or my doom was postponed until a more seasonable opportunity.

On the third day I heard the sailors observe that, with such a wretch as I was remaining on board, the vessel must inevitably be lost. The hatches were then opened: I was hoisted up and cast into the raging sea. The bung of the cask was out, but by stuffing my handkerchief in, when the hole was under water, I prevented the cask from filling; and when it was uppermost, I removed it for a moment to obtain fresh air. I was dreadfully bruised by the constant rolling in a heavy sea, and completely worn out with fatigue and pain; I had made up my mind to let the water in and be rid of my life, when I was tossed over and over with such dreadful rapidity as prevented my taking the precaution of keeping out the water. After three successive rolls of the same kind, I found that the cask, which had been in the surf, had struck on the beach. In a moment after I heard voices, and people came up to the cask and rolled me along. I would not speak, lest they should be frightened, and allow me to remain on the beach, where I might again be tossed about by the waves; but as soon as they stopped, I called in a faint voice from the bung-hole, begging them for mercy's sake to let me out.

At first they appeared alarmed; but, on my repeating my request, and stating that I was the owner of the ship which was off the land, and that the captain and crew had mutinied and tossed me overboard, they brought some tools and set me at liberty.

The first sight that met my eyes after I was released, was my vessel lying a wreck; each wave hurled her further on the beach, breaking her more and more to pieces. She was already divided amid-ships, and the white foaming surf was covered with pipes of wine, which, as fast as they were cast on shore, were rolled up by the same people who had released me. I was so worn out, that I fainted where I lay. When I came to, I found myself in a cave upon a bundle of capotes, and perceived a party of forty or fifty men, who were sitting by a large fire, and emptying with great rapidity one of my pipes of wine.

As soon as they observed that I was coming to my senses, they poured some wine down my throat, which restored me. I was then desired by one of them, who seemed to be the chief, to approach.

'The men who have been saved from the wreck,' said he, 'have told me strange stories of your enormous crimes: now, sit down, and tell me the truth; if I believe you, you shall have justice—I am cadi here. If you wish to know where you are, it is upon the island of Ischia: if you wish to know in what company, it is in the society of those who by illiberal people are called pirates. Now, tell the truth.'

I thought that with pirates my story would be received better than with other people, and I therefore narrated my history to them, in the same words that I now have to your Highness. When I had finished, the captain of the gang observed:—

'Well, then, as you acknowledge to have killed a slave, to have assisted at the death of a Jew, and to have drowned an aga, you certainly deserve death.

but, on consideration of the excellence of the wine, and the secret which you have imparted to us, I shall commute your sentence. As for the captain and the remainder of the crew, they have been guilty of treachery and piracy on the high seas—a most heinous offence, which deserves instant death: but as it is by their means that we have been put in possession of the wine, I shall be lenient. I therefore sentence you all to hard labour for life. You shall be sold as slaves in Cairo, and we will pocket the money and drink your wine.'

The pirates loudly applauded the justice of a decision by which they were benefited, and all appeal on our parts was useless. When the weather became more settled, we were put on board one of their small xebeques, and on our arrival at this port were exposed for sale and purchased.

Such, Pacha, is the history which induced me to make use of the expressions which you wished to be explained; and I hope you will allow that I have been more unfortunate than guilty, as on every occasion in which I took away the life of another, I had only to choose between that and my own.'

'Well, it is rather a curious story,' observed the Pacha; 'but still, if it were not for my promise, I certainly would have your head off for drowning the aga. I consider it excessively impertinent in an unbelieving Greek to suppose that his life is of the same value as that of an aga of janissaries, and follower of the Prophet; but, however, my promise was given, and you may depart.'

'The wisdom of your Highness is brighter than the stars of the Heaven,' observed Mustapha. 'Shall the slave be honoured with your bounty?'

'Mashallah!—Bounty! I've given him his life, and, as he considers it of more value than an aga's, I think 'tis a very handsome present. Drown an aga, indeed!' continued the Pacha, rising—'but it certainly was a very curious story. Let it be written down, Mustapha.'"

From the New York Atlas.

A DINNER AT THE 'SQUIRE'S.

For a laughable story commend us at all times to a lively Irish narrative. The readers of the Atlas cannot have forgotten the tale of the Gridiron; and they will equally long remember the history of Paul Doherty's dinner at Squire Beamton's. Paul, according to our authority (one of our late papers) was formerly a dweller in Cork, where he followed the business of a manufacturer of snuff and tobacco, having turned to that trade when he had become too far advanced in life to follow his former profession of 'teacher of dancing and all other kinds of music,' wherein he had acquired a good store of celebrity.

"He was a plain, homely man, rather large in his person, very oddly dressed, and so wedded to old times and old habits, that it was impossible to get him to 'look like a Christian,' as poor Mrs. Doherty used to say—rest her soul in glory!—when she would wish him to lay aside his bushed wig, his old ruffles, and his three cornered hat, all of which contributed, in no small degree, to the grotesqueness of his appearance. But these little oddities had pleasing associations for Mr. Doherty's recollections, as he put them on religiously every day, and seated himself every morning on the pipe chest facing his shop door humming 'Nora Creena,' in a pleasing, dronelike under growl, while he kept time with his heels swinging against the side of the chest, as they hung down, but did not reach the flags of the shop door. Mrs. Doherty, good soul, minded the shop, scolded the kitchen-wench, abused the cow-boy, mended the stockings—and, in short, did every thing else she could to please Mr. Doherty, who scarcely minded any thing but his corns when the customers came in. One forenoon, as Paul was seated on his favourite chest, and Mrs Doherty was washing up the breakfast table in a little 'glory-hole' off the shop, a tall, fashionable, elderly gentleman came in, and asked to see Mr. Doherty. 'Well, Sur,' says Paul, stopping short his tune of *Nora Creena* with a sudden grunt, as he turned his head sideways, and cocked his eye at the new customer,—'and so you want to see Misther Doherty, Sur?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'It's like you don't know him?' continued Paul. 'I have not that pleasure yet,' replied the stranger. 'Pleasure! aisy, now! pleasure! achwirth! sure isn't it myself you're spaking to, all the time? 'Are you Mr. Doherty, then?' 'Faiks an sure I am, barring I was changed at nurse.' 'I'm very happy to see you, Mr. Doherty—my name is Beamton—I live on the Parade.'

Paul—I'm proud of it; it's often I hear'd tell of you; and I know you are come of mighty grand people intirely; but may I be so bowld as to ax you what business you have wud your humble servint?

Mr. Beamton—Business? oh, none in the world. I have only come to pay my respects to you. I am under many compliments to a son of yours whom I met in Paris.

Paul—You did not, indeed, Sur—'tis impossible—he is in France at present.

Mr. Beamton—Well, well, it makes no difference—it's all the same.

Paul—How the puck could it be the same, Sur? Faith, I beg your pardon—you're quite mistaken—haven't I Tom's jog-graphy, and isn't Paris at the foot of the Kinneary Islands, at the back of the Gulf of Mexico, while France is a small village in the Island of Mediteranien, in the sea of Marimachi, in South America? Ou, wow! maybe I can't tell their latitudes, after travillin all the way from Bruetil to Wathurfurd.

Mr. Beamton—Well, we won't fall out about that; but at all events, have you not a son named Tom?

Paul—By my faith I have; that's his name surely.

Mr. Beamton—Well, I met him abroad, where he saved my life, and was so kind and attentive to me that I wish to return the compliment to you in any way that lies in my power.

Paul—And so you saw Tom, Sur, abroad? (Aside.) Arrah, Betty, throw by them *kimmeens* and come spake to the jontleman; sure he seen Tom abroad. Is Tom as fat as he was whin he went, Sur?

Mr. Beamton—I don't know. I did not see him before; but he looks remarkably well at present.

Paul—I'll be bound Tom was axing you a good deal about the craft of potatoes that he finished before he wint?

Mr. Beamton—I can't say he was; it was as my physician that he attended me.

Paul—Tom's a clever crayp, Sur; he'd pick up any thing. Here, Betty, dust that chair, and let the jontleman sit down. Sit down, Sur—sit down; and so Tom's getting lusty, Sur? D'ye think he'll fall into flesh? He takes after the mother's side.

Mr. Beamton—Excuse me for not sitting down—my time is limited. I should be delighted to tell you all about your son, and will be able to give you a good deal of pleasing news of him, if you will do me the favour of dining with me to-day.

Paul—Troth, Sur, an to be plain with you, I'd rather dine at home.

Mr. Beamton—Oh, Mr. Doherty, you shall make yourself quite at home with me. 'Pon my honour you shall—you must come.

Paul—What time do you dine, Sur?

Mr. Beamton—At six o'clock.

Paul—Oh, I couldn't go, Sur. I'd never howld out till that. I never ge my dinner later than two o'clock. Blur-an ouns, sure a man ought to be going to bed at six? Was it from Tom that you learned such outlandish hours? By gor, when he was at home he would'e be done his breakfast till he'd be goin to bed, though he used to begin it when he'd get up: he commonly made but the one meal in the day, but it lasted from morning to night.

Mr. Beamton—Indeed, Mr. Doherty, I'll take no excuse; you must come to dine at six.

Paul—Arrah, Betty, do you hear this?

Betty—Go, Paul, avick; it may sarve Tom.

Paul—Faiks, an may be so. Well, Sur, as you won't be put off, I'll go and dine with you at six.

Mr. Beamton—Well, good by. I shall expect you punctually—farewell.

And here Mr. Beamton made his bow and withdrew; but as the subsequent part of our narration cannot be given in the third person, we must leave it to Mr. Doherty himself to describe the entertainments of the evening. We have taken some pains to give his own words *verbatim*, which are as follow:—

'When Square Beamton left the shop, by gor, I wint an brushed up my duds, and blackened my pumps, and put on my buckles—but the minit two o'clock kem, I thought the —— would fall out of me with the hunger; howsomedeavour, sis I, 'I'll bear every thing for Tom's sake,' so I passed it over as well as I could, and thought every hour a day long till it was near six and time for myself o be off, for I had a mile of ground to walk to the Parade. So I took my cane and my gloves, and I sauntered along very leisurely till I kem to the Parade, and as I had the number of the door reckoned upon my fingers, I knew I could make no mistake, and whin I counted the steps, I looked up, an devil a finer house and place ever I laid my two lookin eyes upon than Square Beamton's, with a hall-door big enough for a Bishop, and the full of your fist of a brass rapper on it, not to talk of a beautiful brass plate with an illigant big B, and E after it, an thin an A, and thin an M, makin B, E, A, M, Beam—'right, by gor,' sis I, 'this is the place,' and I lifted up the big brass rapper, and gave a pound that wid drive a twenty penny nail into the hilt. Presently the door was opened mighty smart, and a jontleman with a green coat, and powdered head, and bunches of goold strings from his shoulders—a red breeches and white stockings, axed myself very snappishly intirely, 'did I main to knock down the house?' 'No, Sur, in troth, thin,' sis I, 'it isn't myself wid hurt a hair of its head.' 'Thin what do you want?' sis he, mighty cross intirely. 'Why thin in troth,' sis I, 'it's Misther Beamton I want,' sis I. 'You can't see him,' sis he, slapping the door in my face. 'Blur-an turf,' sis I to myself, 'isn't this mighty decent treatment?' Well, after waiting a while, sis I to myself, I'll try agin for Tom's sake, not to talk of the starvation that's in my stomach this minit on account of keeping my appetite for the jontleman's dinner that he promised to give me; so I gave another rap; an the same jontleman opened the door agin and looked mighty wicked; but afore he had time to say a word, 'I ax your reverence's pardon, Sur,' sis I, 'but isn't Mr. Beamton at home, an sure he axed me to dine with him, an this is quare treatment.' 'What is your name?' sis he, mighty polite; 'Paul Doherty, Sur,' sis I, takin off my hat an showin him my manners. 'I beg your pardon, Sur,' sis he, 'come in af you plaise,' and so he bowed and scraped twice as low as I did, showing me the way in all the time. Whin he shut the door—'will you show me your hat, Sir?' sis he, mighty polite. 'Indeed, an I will, an welcome, Sir,' sis I, 'it was made by Beahan'n Patrick-street, and cost but fifteen shillings,—a very decent man if you want to buy one.' 'Oh, I don't mean that, Sir,' sis he; 'be plaised to give me your hat.' 'Give it to you?' sis I; 'oh, by gor, that's too bad! would you have me go home in the night air without a hat?' 'Oh, no, Sir,' sis he, 'you mistake me; I only want to put by your hat for you till you are going home.' 'The divil thrust you,' sis I; 'what wid make me give you my hat at all at all; can't I take care of it myself?' 'Oh, Sir,' says he, thrusting out his hand for it, 'every jontleman that dines here gives me his hat to take care of.' Well, you see, the fellow was so pursuasive, that there was no getting over it; so, sis I, 'oh, very well, plaise your Reverence, put it by in a clain place,' sis I, an he tuck it and put it by. 'I'd thank you for your cane,' sis another jontleman to me, as we passed him by. 'What for?' sis I. 'To put by for you, Sir,' says he, 'as we do for every other jontleman.' 'Oh, very well,' sis I, handin him the cane, like an omedhaun of a fool that I was. 'I'll take care of your gloves, Sir,' says a third, catching them by the fingers. 'Blur-an-ouns,' sis I, 'can't I put them in my pocket?' 'Oh, no, Sir,' says he, 'that's not the way in this house.' 'Well, here, take them,' sis I, 'I must bear it all for your sake, Tom,' sis I again to myself, as I follied the first jontleman, who beckoned me after him, up stairs, upon a green carpet that you wudn't hear the thread of his fut on. So up I climbed quite close to him, tall we got to the top, and he steps over to a door, and flings it open, crying out at the top of his voice, 'Mr. Doherty, Sir!' 'What the devil do you want wud im,' sis I, in a voice as loud as his; 'did'nt you know well enough that I was just at your heels?' But he never minded me, only stepped into the room another step or two, and roars out 'Mr. Doherty!' twice as loud. 'Och, then, sweet bad luck to your impudence,' sis I, 'you thievin rascal, is it for this that you made me leave my stick below, afeard I'd give you the length and breadth of it—don't you see me here, you jackeen?' sis I, threatenen my fist at him; but he was only laughing at me, when out comes Squire Beamton. 'You're heartily welcome, Sir,' says he; 'I hope nothing is the matter with you?' 'Thank you, Sir,' sis I, 'not much, only the liberty that jontleman takes with my name:' but he only laughed, and tuck me under the arm, and brought me in forninst a whole parcel of ladies, who were stuffing their praskeens down their throats to smother the laughin the minit they say myself. 'Sarvint, gentcels,' sis I, in real quality form, bowing down to the ground. 'This is Meaather Doherty,' sis his honour, takin me by the hand and bowin agin along wid me. 'God save all here,' sis I, not forgettin my manners to give the third bow—but the quality only nodded at myself, which I tho't mighty unpolite. 'Och in troth,' sis I to myself, 'the crathurs are not to be blamed whin they never tuck lessons from the renowned and celebrated Paul Doherty, tacher of dancin and all other kinds of music.' So the Squire made me sit down, and it was then, to be sure, that I admired the beautiful picthurs, and the tea-pots full of flowers, and the carpets—but divil a sign of the dinner myself saw, though I thought the very —— would dhrop out of me with the hunger. 'Och, Tom, Tom,' sis I to myself, 'isn't this purty thraitment I'm bearin for your sake?' But there was no use in complaining, and I turned to look at the beautiful windee-curtain, at the top of which two sarpints were peepin out forninst one another, ready to pounce down upon us, when I hears the same fellow that brought me up stairs, roar out, 'Dinner on table!' and upon lookin about, the divil a sign of a wall was there, but what had been whipped away by enchantment, and there stood the dinner on the white table-cloth as beautiful as a corpse at a wake. All the ladies and gentlemen present stood up, and, by coorse, so did myself. 'Mr. Doherty,' sis the Squire—'Sir?' sis I—'Will you take Mrs. Beamton's hand?' sis he. 'What call have I to her hand, Sir?' sis I; 'can't you that's her husband and has the best right to it, take it, Sir?' sis I. 'Do, Sir, if you plaise,' sis he, 'for we are only going to dinner; I only ask you to lead her to her chair.' 'Deed, faith,' sis I, 'barrin' to oblige you for a short time, it would be contrary to my religion to do the likes wid any man's wife, and my own alive;' but they all fell a laughing as I tuck Mrs. Beamton and led her to the table. When every one was taken places, 'Mr. Doherty, sis the Squire, 'will you sit beside me?' 'Faith I will, Sir,' sis I. 'What shall I help you to?' sis he. 'Some of that pork, Sir,' sis I. 'It's not pork,' sis he; 'it's ham.' 'Well, ham's pork,' sis I; for, by gor, I didn't like them to have all the laugh to themselves. 'You're right,' sis he, sendin me a plate-full of it well bolstered on cabbage, and faiks I stuck in it like a hungry hawk. 'Mr. Doherty,' sis the Squire—'Sir,' sis I, laying down my knife and fork on my plate, and lookin at his honour—'I hope you're helped to your liking,' sis he. 'Mighty well, I tha—' but the divil a plate I had, for the thievin villains, in the red breeches behind the chairs, had stolen away my plate while I was talking to his honour. 'Oh, murther, murther!' sis I to myself, 'isn't this fine thraitment I'm suffering for your sake, Tom?' but, before I could say another word, a black-faced fellow of them claps a dish of chopped nettles before me, and, seeing I could do no better, I began bolting it into me, when he runs back and whips it up, saying, 'Oh, by your lave, Sir, the mistress wants some spinich,' and off he scampered with it. 'Mr. Doherty,' sis the Squire agin—'Sir?' sis I—'The mistress is lookin at you,' sis he. 'She's welcome, Sir,' sis I. 'She's lookin at you,' sis he, laying his hand on the decanter. 'Blur-an-ouns, Sir,' sis I, 'what's amiss wid me?' looking at my clothes to see if all my buttons war fast. 'Oh, she only wants to take wine with you,' sis he. 'Thank you and her, Sir,' sis I. 'Your health, Sir,' sis she. 'God bless your own purty countenance, Madam,' sis I; but had luck to the more than a thimble-full the stingy fellow was after givin her in her glass. 'Blur-an-ouns,' sis I to myself, 'he helps her as he likes her, maybe'—an pitied the crathur. So I was determined to watch my opportunity, and whin I thought he wasn't looking, I nodded to her, and pointed to the decanter, lifting my glass at the same time, which she understood, for she smiled and helped herself; but she was so much afeard of him, that a divil a more than a tooth ful she put in it, in spite of all the nods and winks, and pointing to my full glass, that I could throw at her. 'Tundther and turf!' sis I to myself, (thinking of *Betty* at the same time) 'hasn't he her under mighty great cow intirely?' And while all this was going on, the sorrow skreed the fellows behind the chairs left on the table but what they had whipped away with them. 'Oh, ye villains,' sis I in my teeth, finding I was put off without a mouthful of dinner—'oh, ye villains, if I had ye in my tobacco-press, maybe I wou'dn't give yees a squeeze would take the consate out of yees!' But there was no use in talking, up they came as impident as ever, and placed forninst each of us a great glass bowl half-full of water, and a towel beside it; and myself not knowing what they meant at all at all, was watching to see what every one else would do, when the Squire says to me, 'Mr. Doherty'—'Sir?' sis I—'Make use of that water,' sis he, 'tall we get at the claret.' 'Yes, Sir,' sis I—takin up the bowl bechune my two hands and throwing myself back in the chair with my mouth wide open, and gulping the whole of the water down in one swallow, tall it filled me up to the chin, though there wasn't the full of an egg-shell in my body before, barrin' the thrifle of boiled nettles I got at by chance; but, oh—oh—och, mavorneen, the cowld water began to give me such a—Oh! it almost gives me the cholic now to think of it—such a rumbling and tumbling, and shivering and shaking, that hear ily as the Squire and the ladies laughed at me, the sorrow a wrinkle was on my own stomach in a pair of minutes. 'Na hanaman-douhl,' sis I to the Squire, in a pig's whisper, 'but I'm fairly done over—you must excuse me, Squire, jewel,' sis I, 'for goin' off—but I'm in a morthal great hurry; an' there's no way for me, but to begone as quick as I can. Oh, Tom, Tom, what I suffer for your sake!' 'There,' sis he, whisperin' behind his hand to me—'Oh, oh, oh, avourneen,' sis I, slinkin' out of the room and down stairs, as if I had not a minute to live. 'Your hat, Sir,' sis the first fellow I met at the foot of the stairs, giving it a nate touch with his sleeve. 'Thank you,' sis I, taking it from him. 'Hope you won't forget me, Sir—always get a tenpenny or two.' 'Oh, murther!' sis I, drawing out a tenpenny like a tooth, from my breeches' pocket, 'what I suffer for your sake, Tom, honey!'—and here I had to squeeze my belly again. 'Your gloves, Sir,' sis another fellow 'nicely aired—hope you won't forget me, Sir.' 'Oh, Tom, Tom!' sis I, pullin' out another tenpenny for him. 'Your cane, Sir,' sis a third, handin' it to me; 'took great care of it, Sir—hope you won't forget me.' 'Oh, Tom, Tom!' sis I, groaning, as I pulled out a third tenpenny and gave it to him. 'Let me out now, gintlemin,' sis I, as they opened the door, and bowed and scraped enough to make one think them the *raal sort*; 'but the divil fire me,' sis I, when I got on the flags and looked round at the house as I heard the door shut—'the divil fire me, if ever I give half-a-crown for a mouthful of chopped nettles and a belly-full of cowld water!'

NEW ISLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—On the 10th July, about eleven o'clock in the morning, Capt. Jean Carrao, Master of the brig *Theresine*, in his voyage from Trepani to Girgenti, (Sicily,) being at the distance of about twenty miles from Cape St. Marc, perceived, at the distance of a gun-shot, a large quantity of matter, nearly sixty feet above the level of the sea, and which, in circumference, appeared to be four hundred fathom. At the same time the air was impregnated with sulphur.

On the previous day, in the gulf of the *Trois Fontaines*, he had seen a great number of dead fish, and a great quantity of black pumice stone floating upon the water, and had heard a loud noise resembling thunder, which he attributed to a volcanic eruption.

He continued his voyage to Girgenti, and during all the time he was loading his ship, he continually saw a thick smoke rise from the same point; and when he returned, on the 16th, from Girgenti, a new spectacle presented itself to his eyes—an island of about the same circumference as the matter which he saw on the 10th. This island, which has been named Carrao, from the Captain who first saw it, is about 12 feet above the level of the sea; it presents, in the middle, a flat surface, and the crater of a volcano, from which lava was seen to issue during the night. A mist hung over the shore. The soundings all round the island gave a depth of 100 fathoms. It is situated 37 deg. 6 min. lat. north, and 10 deg. 26 min. long. east of Paris.

Such is the report of Capt. Carrao, who entered the port of Marseilles on the 30th of July. Captains of other vessels have since seen this island, and confirmed the above report.—*Semaphore de Marseilles.*

NAVAL TACTICS.—It appears by the recent publication of ancient manuscripts, that the plan of *breaking the line* of the enemy's squadron, for the merit of which there has been much contest within a short time past, was in use so long ago as the reign of Henry VIII.

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EDITORIAL CREDULITY.

One would suppose on reading the newspapers, that the corps editorial was made up of the most credulous beings in the world; that they were never accustomed to examine into the truth of any thing; but took every thing implicitly and upon trust. This however is not the case, as any body may easily discover by conversing with the individuals of whom the editorial faculty is composed. They will generally be found to be men who are as much accustomed to reason upon and to sift thoroughly the truth of any proposition, as any other class of people; and, for the most part, are men of too much sense and information to be imposed upon by every improbable story, or every shallow artifice with which mankind are assailed.

How comes it then that we find in their publications, from the bed-blanket daily down to the seven-by-nine weekly, such ridiculous instances of that apparent credulity with which they are almost continually charged? We leave them to answer this question for themselves, while we proceed to give a few specimens from our exchange papers, by way of illustration.

"*Important Discovery.* We have recently had the pleasure of examining the model of a machine for digging wells. It begins to excavate at the bottom instead of the top, and thereby saves the labor of throwing out the earth, as in the ordinary mode. It is thus a great saving of expense, as well as a prevention of danger from a recoil of the earth; for a well may be dug in one fourth part of the time commonly employed for that purpose—and it is self-evident, that if the earth be not thrown up, it cannot return upon the head of the digger.

The inventor of this ingenious machine is a Mr. Mole, a young man of this neighborhood, who has politely explained to us the operation of the model; and who, we are happy to understand, intends to apply for a patent. The invention is, of course, entirely his own; though, with a modesty which does him infinite credit, he acknowledges that he derived the first hint from the operation of the ground squirrel, which, it is well known, always begins digging at the bottom of its hole."—*Cobble-Hill Gazette.*

"*Infallible Remedy for a Cough.* Mrs. Horehound, well known as a remarkably skilful and judicious body, in this town, has been good enough to furnish us with the following recipe for the cure of colds, coughs, and consumptions; and though we have not yet had the pleasure of trying it on our own editorial selves, we have no manner of doubt of its entire efficacy. It is simply this:—Take the upper leather of two old shoes burn them crisp, so that they can be conveniently reduced to a powder. To these add the gizzards of two setting hens, also burnt or dried so as to be easily pulverized; after which throw in a single handful of dried cumbumble root—and grind them well together in a mortar. Then add six table spoonfuls of molasses, three of neats-foot oil, and a small quantity of gum cumcandlestickibus, together with just rain water enough to give the mixture a sort of demi-semi-fluidity. Then take one table-spoonful of the mixture every hour, until the cough and other symptoms abate.

We are not sufficiently acquainted with the *modus operandi* of medicines, to give any very exact account of the manner in which this wonderful medicine effects a cure. But as far as we can understand the matter, it does its work chiefly by operating on the *pie*-glottis, which is a kind of clapper or valve, situated at the opening of the *windpipe*, and which, during a cough, flies back and forth with infinite violence, causing all those uneasy symptoms which attend on that complaint—but which is reduced to a state of the most comfortable quiescence by swallowing a very few doses of the above incomparable medicine. We would not wish any of our friends to be afflicted with a cold, cough, or consumption, gratis; but should any of them be so afflicted, we should not hesitate a moment in recommending Mrs. Horehound's infallible remedy."—*Flexcellen Adv.*

"*New mode of Extracting Teeth.* Doctor Longprong, a respectable blacksmith of our village, has invented a new instrument for extracting teeth, by the use of which all pain is prevented, and the operation rendered as pleasant as eating one's dinner. We have not had the pleasure of testing its operation upon our own dental organs, nor indeed of seeing its operation on any "human mouth divine," as Shenstone says. But Doctor Longprong has done us the favor of explaining its operation, in a manner that leaves us no room to doubt its superiority above all other instruments of the kind. It is so contrived as to raise the tooth from the jaw without so much as touching it, and of course without giving the patient the least uneasiness during the operation. Indeed, if we rightly understand the ingenious doctor, so far from causing any inconvenience to the patient, it does not even interfere with the process of eating, which he may continue to perform all the while the tooth is taking out, the same as if nothing had happened.

Our own studies having lain a different way, we do not of course feel competent to speak of this subject in a scientific manner, or to explain the precise operations of this very novel instrument. But we may nevertheless be permitted to say, that, as far as we can judge, this is one of the most important inventions which has ever been found out since the days of Adam, the first dentist, who had no other mode of extracting his own, his wife's and his children's teeth, than by grappling them by his bare thumb and finger."—*Sizzletown Sentinel.*

"*Remedy for Sore Eyes.* Where the eyes are weak and much inflamed, there is no better remedy, as we are informed, than a wash made of cayenne pepper steeped in *aqua fortis*. In very severe cases *aqua-fift es* should be used. We have never had occasion to try this remedy in our own visual organs; but our devil having lately a very troublesome ophthalmia, we persuaded him to make the trial, and he declared to us that he found one application quite sufficient for the purpose; and we have no doubt that others, afflicted in like manner, would find the remedy equally efficacious."—*Catamiago Examiner.*

Extraordinary Incident. A very singular incident happened in this neighborhood a day or two since. Miss Edith Periwinkle, an elderly, but respectable maiden lady who resides with her brother, Lieut. Jechoniah Periwinkle, went into the cellar just before dinner, to get some butter which had been placed there to keep it cool, when a very strange noise was heard by the family above stairs, who immediately proceeded to investigate the cause—and, astonishing to relate!—they found that Miss Periwinkle had fallen plump from the cellar into the garret! But, what is very remarkable, though the house is three stories high, she was not in the least injured by the fall. She was, however, monstrously frightened, and we understand has scarcely yet recovered from the shock.

So extraordinary an incident is almost beyond belief, and we should be very much disposed to doubt its truth, did it depend on the evidence of our own sight. But fortunately we have better testimony—that of the lady herself—of Lieutenant Periwinkle, her brother—of Mrs. Periwinkle, her sister-in-law—and of Kitty Cabbage, Mrs. Periwinkle's hired girl. The fact then is beyond a doubt; but to account for it, we must confess, is entirely beyond our ability. It is, as every body knows, a principle in natural philosophy, for heavy bodies in falling to descend, and not ascend. Light bodies, we know, will incontinently mount upwards. But levity, we are bound in justice to say, formed no part of the character of Miss Periwinkle; on the contrary she was a lady of singular and acknowledged gravity. How then are we to account for her falling upwards? But we leave the subject for the discussion of abler pens; just observing, in the language of Hamlet, the Moor, 'there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt in moral philosophy'."—*Tecaddledee Record.*

"*Remarkable Phenomenon.* We are credibly informed that a Mr. Daniel Mouser, who resides about three miles from this place, on Sunday afternoon discharged from his stomach nine living rats, two of which are full grown, and the rest young ones, apparently about a month old. Mr. Mouser had been for some time complaining of a strange affection of the stomach, and often declared that he verily believed he had something in him—what it was, he could not tell—but he was persuaded it was some live animal or other, for he distinctly felt it kick, especially after fasting longer than usual.

On Sunday last, about three o'clock, P. M. he felt the kicking renewed with uncommon violence, and so as to occasion severe pain. He took a glass of whiskey to relieve his distress and, if possible, to quell the disturbance. But this only made matters worse, and Mr. Mouser thought it advisable to send for medical aid. Fortunately just as the horse was saddled, and the messenger about starting, Doctor Fungus, the celebrated practioner in herbs, chanced to come along. He was called in, and promptly administered a very powerful emetic, composed of the capsules of lobelia and the leaves of thoroughwort *stripped upwards*—which in a short time produced such thorough work as to eject the nine rats above mentioned.

The animals were all plump and in excellent case. But how they came there, we do not pretend to know; nor are we sufficiently acquainted with the habits and economy of that long-tailed race, to explain how they could live in the human stomach, deprived as they must have been of breathing the vital air. In regard to food, there was no difficulty, as the rats evidently appropriated that which Mr. Mouser had swallowed for his own subsistence; and the immediate cause of the disturbance on Sunday afternoon, we have no doubt, was the emptiness of Mr. Mouser's stomach, he not having dined on that day—and thus a mutiny was stirred up in the garrison, which has happily ended in the expulsion aforesaid.

This is one of the most remarkable phenomena ever exhibited. We have often heard of snakes, eels, and frogs being discharged from the human stomach, but never of rats before. We sincerely hope it will not become a common practice for animals of this description to burrow in a man's breadbasket—especially in that of a poor editor, who finds it sufficiently difficult to provide for his own wants, let alone those of the rats.

P. S. Since the above was in type we understand, the nine rats are on their way to New-York for public exhibition, where we have no doubt they will successfully compete with the Ourang Outang and the two Cannibals."—*Ratilat Gazette and Weekly Advertiser.*

QUOTATIONS.

The writer, who would wear the bays,
Must never trust to borrowed lays. *Stubb.*

Quotation points are a sort of deformity, and should be as seldom used as possible. Yet one would suppose that many writers considered them a great embellishment, so frequently do they introduce them into their compositions. Every page, every paragraph—nay, almost every line, exhibits some sentence, some phrase, or some word, guarded in the van by a pair of inverted commas, and protected in the rear by an equal number of apostrophes.

We do not here allude to the use of quotation points in cases where persons are introduced as speaking for themselves; and where the points are used as a matter of convenience, to let the reader know at sight, that the writer is not giving his own language, but that of some character or characters who figure in the article. Thus used, quotation points very frequently occur in novels, tales, &c., where the different characters are introduced as conversing with one another.

What we object to particularly, is the ridiculous habit of quoting perpetually from this or that author—speaking another man's language, and giving another man's ideas, instead of one's own—it proves, either that the writer has no ideas and no language of his own, or else that he quotes out of sheer vanity, to show the extent of his reading and the tenacity of his memory. But in the latter case it seldom answers the purpose, as the numerous *mis*-quotations will abundantly prove.

Ah, poor Shakspeare! poor Milton! how often are you murdered inch by inch! How often are your fine sayings most diabolically *mis*-said by your pretended admirers! How often are the words of inferior poets, and no poets at all, crammed into your venerable mouths!

The frequent quotation from authors, unless it be to confirm or refute that which is quoted, or to illustrate the text, is a fault which every writer should be careful to guard against. It is not what every other writer has said or thought, but what you say or think yourself, which the public is concerned to know. If you have any thing new to offer, the world may possibly be happy to know it, and willing to pay for it; but if it be merely what they have read and heard a thousand times over, they will be little desirous of reading or hearing it again—or, at least, of paying for it in the shape of books and periodicals.

Frequent quotations make a piece of composition look like a patchwork bed-quilt, or the ancient pocket of some grandame of '76, where shreds and bits of cloth from every quarter unite in making up the party-coloured work. Or perhaps we should rather compare it to an idler's wardrobe, who being too lazy to work for decent clothes, begs here and there a patch of every different hue and quality, and tacks them on, one upon another, until it is impossible to tell what was the original of the garment.

These patchwork compositions are a great vexation to an editor; and we beg leave to say to our correspondents, who are much in the habit of quoting,—Gentlemen, "reform it altogether."

A Bit of Criticism. The ex-President, John Quincy Adams, is a great man, a great scholar, and ambitious of being reckoned a great writer. He was once Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-lettres in Harvard University; and delivered a course of lectures, on those branches, which have been published. Such being his pretensions to polite literature and superior scholarship, whatever he writes and publishes is, of course, a legitimate theme for criticism.

In his late eulogy on James Monroe, he compares the distinguished men of our country to a "row of cresset lamps, *fed* with the purest vital *air*." Now we beg leave to ask, what is that with which a lamp is usually fed? Is it not the *oil*, instead of the *air*? Vital air, as every body knows, is oxygen gas, and is necessary to the process of combustion. So it is in like manner necessary to animal life; breathing cannot be carried on without it. But we do not feed upon it; our food consists either of liquids or solids. We *breathe* the vital air, but do not *eat* it. So it is with the lamp—it breathes the vital air, but feeds upon oil. Hence Mr. Adams' metaphor is incorrect—Q.E.D., as the mathematicians say.

The ex-President is exceedingly fond of flourishing in the *grand style*. Even his state papers were metaphorical. He could not write a paragraph on statistics without a figure of speech. He must be ever soaring, and building "light-houses in the skies." A writer, whose thus ambitious of style, without great care, will be apt to fail in point of correctness; and when he does so, never fails to become ridiculous. He is like an exquisite, who never goes into company without a cloud of perfumes, but has not taste enough to distinguish musk from otto of roses. Mr. Adams is believed to have been the most learned of all our Presidents, with perhaps the exception of Mr. Jefferson; and none of them have so much exposed themselves to the obloquy of criticism.

Personal Outrage. We learn from the Journal of Commerce, that the Hon. Edward Everett was lately assaulted, at the Washington Hotel, by a son of Judge Platt, who called there on purpose, as he declared, to inflict personal chastisement upon him for attempting to defame his father's character some four years ago, in the North American Review. He aimed a blow at Mr. Everett's face with his open hand, which Mr. E. partially succeeded in warding off; and the bystanders prevented farther violence.

The article in the North American Review related to the affair of the Greek Frigate, which made so much noise at the time, and in which every body will recollect that the poor Greeks were cheated out of *several hundred thousand* dollars of the money bestowed upon them by the friends of liberty. Where the blame precisely rests, we do not pretend to assert; but we may say, without fear of contradiction, that the same disposition which defrauded the Greeks, would lead its possessor to plunder a beggar's wallet, or rob a wretched widow of the scanty bestowments of charity.

Olympic Games. One of the exercises at the Olympic Games was that of the *Cæstus*, a cruel and dangerous species of boxing with loaded gauntlets. Though the combatants wore head-pieces of brass for their defence, they were often terribly bruised and mutilated. In the account of *Festivals, Games, &c.* is the following epigram from Lucilius, which informs us that a cæstus-fighter once became so disfigured, that, being unable to establish his identity, he lost his inheritance to a younger brother:—

ON A CONQUEROR IN THE CÆSTUS.

"This victor, glorious in his olive wreath,
Had once eyes, eye-brows, nose, and ears, and teeth:
But, turning cæstus-champion, to his cost,
These, and, still worse, his heritage he lost!
For, by his brother sued—disowned—at last,
Confronted with his picture, he was cast!"

Miraculous. A late paper gives an account of a "*resurrection*" of negroes in North Carolina; but there are so many false rumours now-a-days, that very little reliance can be placed, even upon newspapers. But should it turn out to be true, that the poor blacks have got in the habit of *rising* after they are dead, our Southern neighbours will find it of very little use to decapitate and hang-up the late insurgents.

The Massillon (Ohio) Gazette advertises two hundred barrels of "*Fresh Salt*"—doubtless the same that boys catch birds with, by laying it on their tails. There must be a good demand for it at the West, where game is plenty.

For the Constellation.

THE PERIPATETIC.

Sim. I have walked every way but the *town* way.
Evans. I do most vehemently desire you will walk that way too. *Shakspeare.*

Dear Sir—In a recent number of the Constellation I read with much pleasure (not as much as I anticipated, however, from the title) an article on "walking." I have also a word or two on the same subject, which I hope, as John Bunyan would say, may not be unprofitable. Your correspondent's remarks are very good, although not exactly calculated for this meridian. It may be all very well in *Highland Grove* to "babble of green fields," and expatiate upon running brooks, for they are undoubtedly to be seen from every window of the place. We were to have had a dissertation on walking—and when I looked for something new on the subject of my favourite recreation, my eyes were greeted with "dew-wet grass—shady walks," and all that appertains to country scenery. All these things city people dream of, and think very fine—on paper; but between them and us "is a great gulf fixed"—to pass and repass which, costs one shilling. Now, as I was somewhat disappointed, permit me to give you some of my experience in that most estimable science—for the philosophers do dignify walking with that title.

As morning is not the time for walking in the country, so is it neither in the city—fogs prevail here as well as there. "Soon as the evening's shades prevail," and the business of the day is over—(every one ought to have some occupation—I am sorry to observe so clever a writer as J. F. S. is an idler)—I take my cane and companionable segar, and sally forth.—This is a very Babel of a city; and much amusement, if not instruction, is to be gleaned in an evening's stroll. Although not of an aldermanic rotundity, yet I hold a merry heart to be a good thing; and believe that if the old adage "laugh and grow fat" be not strictly true, yet 'laugh and be happy" is not denied the world over. So my strolls are in search of fun, and rarely do I return without having drawn largely from the fountain of merriment.

Evening, then, is the best time to walk. Then, one has a glorious opportunity to see in what contempt the sovereign people hold the doings of the Fathers of the City. As the shades deepen, so do the waters in the overflowing gutters:—as the stars increase, so do the heaps of garbage in the streets; and as the mist rises from the river, so do the fumes from an immeasurable quantity of decayed vegetables—sending forth reeking and fetid odours, much to the indignation of the olfactories of pedestrians. Hogs revel in the delights of accumulating filth, and street-sweepers pass a life of inglorious ease. Where are you, oh! ye scavengers of this mighty city? Ye, whose labours are Herculean! Have ye no bowels of compassion for the delicate slippers of perambulatory fair ones? No sympathy for the poor dray horses, who should *draw* the filth, not wade therein? Up—up! and be doing, while there are yet chances for relief—for the day is at hand when the streets shall be choked up, and your labours rendered useless!—But apostrophising lumps of laziness helpeth me not forward with my story.

Broadway is truly a scene of life. The numerous passers seem getting into inextricable confusion, and yet every one finds his destination. Even so is it in the mazes of the cotillion, or the mazurka dance. Gas lights and their forms are multitudinous. Dry Goods', Milliners', Jewellers' and Fancy Shops, are as so many farce shows, and Soda water 'pews' are redolent of cream and coolness. But a description of an evening sight in Broadway, is as far above my powers as the stature of the Irish Giant is above that of "Mrs. Donaldson's infant daughter." I leave it to some abler pen, and pass on to inferior themes.

The less frequented streets are as dimly lighted as an Obi's cave. The lamps are such niggards of their light, that it is only with the help of a pair of spectacles, one can decypher the name on the adjacent door. All beyond is merged in a most mysterious obscurity, and the undistinguishable objects therein give one a faint idea of the gift of "second-sight." Look down into the oyster-cellar on yonder corner. A full-brogued Irishman and a blubber-lipped African are putting themselves in a towering passion. With what infinite relish do the sippers of poor soup gaze upon the combatants. And look—half seen through the open door, are a couple of woolly heads and shining faces, with rolling eyes, wondering how the strife will end. Where is the pencil that can paint truth like this? In the grave of Hogarth! perchance to be rescued thence by the droll Saunders—the humorous "*Scinde non tondeo*" of Wall-street. Hark! what explosions of laughter, as the sooty one forcibly ejects the son of Erin into the street with language appropriate. How fast the Irish oaths—like jewels—fall from the lips of Patrick:—by the powers! but it is like a broadside of grape and canister! If he perform half what he threatens, there will be broken bones and bloody noses before morning.

Pass we into a more open street. How composedly sits yon ancient dame beside her apple stand—the tallow candle showing her wan and wrinkled visage in bold relief. A relic of a basket keeps the wind from extinguishing her candle, and a tattered cloak protects her body from the damp night air. Is she not the picture Shakspeare dreamed of, when he told of "Patience, smiling at Grief?"

Here comes "Hot corn!—two ears for a penny—smoking hot, and butter on!" Who would not patronize the sooty youth at so cheap a rate? And yonder is sport—a beldame and her lord and master are at hard words—almost at blows—she has made the house too hot to hold him, and they are now in the street, flourishing fists, with all the threatenings of "wordy warfare," to the great merriment of the crowd. The guardians of the night interfere, and both husband and wife have gloomy anticipations of spending another night together in "all the luxury of woe."

I did wrong to say that running brooks were confined to the country;—here we have one, in the middle of the street, and running its whole length. It is a delightful place of recreation for the long-snouted, four-footed gentry. Look at them, luxuriating in the blessedness of a standing pool of muck. The rank moisture sucks up around them, until their very tails curl with ecstacy! Where is the door-keeper of the pound, that he permits such cumberers of the ground? Alas! he is too worldly wise to interfere; for should he show his officious phiz in the vicinity, the owners would rally in as frightful and hideous forms, as the ghosts around the couch of King Richard. The officer is "minister *near* the court," and, knowing wherein his safety lies, like some of his superiors, sticks to the letter of the law. He may be *near*, but he is not *here*.

Now we are once more in the glare and glitter of Broadway:—it is all bustle and animation, and to escape the noise and confusion which do somewhat break in upon our previous meditations, we turn our steps homeward. We will, however, take a peep into the Watch House as we pass—that receptacle of all unclean things. Fun may be elicited from even such a dungeon-looking place as this, and her figure is here sometimes most fantastically displayed. The air is rich with tobacco fumes, and the vile breath of the poor disconsolate devils whose disfigured faces make night hideous. They are objects well worthy the observance of the curious searcher after broken shrines and fallen columns, or the benevolent, grog-shop-haunting committee-man of the Magdalen Society. The shabby-genteel and the tatterdemalion—black faces and white—bloody noses and bunged eyes, are most promiscuously mingled. The spree-loving buck, and the drunken Sycorax, like the lamb and the lion, lie down together. There is a higher power which renders their arms powerless, in the form of him who stands at the desk with uncombed hair, disarranged cravat, and slovenly coat, enveloped in a cloud of segar smoke that would make a Dutchman's pipe crack with envy. Don Quixotte is the only knight worthy to venture on the perilous task of freeing this motley set from "durance vile."

But without extending my walk further, I will step into my friend C——'s and take, by way of night cap, a draught of "amber ale." As the foam settles, see how beautifully "the beaded bubbles are winking on the brim!" My heart warms with the anticipation.—Nay, my good sir, turn not up your honourable nose. Prince Henry, of merry memory, did "bethink him of the creature, small beer," and he shall be my bright example. I hope, in conclusion, as the Dominie would say, that you, without your glass of "Falernian eclipse," will sleep as soundly after your day's toil, (that is, if you are not already prosed to sleep,) as he, who, returning from a long walk, fortifies the weak garrison of his brain with a glass of Fiddler and Taylor's best. Good bye. H.

To the Editor of the Constellation.

Sir,—The interesting article which you published last week, on David Williams, contains an error. It is there stated, "while he (Williams) was in New-York, the scholars of the Ninth Ward Public School presented him with an elegant silver pitcher," &c.

Now the scholars of the Public School did not make this present, but it was made by the Pupils of Flint & Kidder's School, as you may see by reading the enclosed account* of the presentation, published in the Evening Post of December 15th, 1839. As an act of justice to those youth who were really concerned in this matter, I presume it will give you pleasure to correct the mistake. Respectfully yours,

A PARENT.

* The account referred to in the Evening Post corresponds with the above statement. The article in last week's Constellation was copied from another paper, and being the only account we had seen, we were not aware that it contained an error. We would be the last to deprive any of the embryo patriots of our country of their just mead of honor; or to deck the brow of one with the wreath that properly belongs to the head of another. [Ed.

RIOT AND MURDER AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

We deviate from our usual course in giving place to an article of this kind; but the nature of the affair, and its being unexampled in this country is one reason for so doing.

We learn from the Providence Daily Advertiser, that on the evening of the 21st, a serious riot occurred in Olney's Lane in that town, between 8 and 9 o'clock. A part of the crew of the ship Lion with a number of other persons, in a fight with some negroes, were fired upon by the latter with a charge of buckshot. One of the sailors was killed; a Swede, who lately arrived from Canton, in the ship New Jersey. Three Americans were wounded. The man who fired the gun, named Richard Johnson, has been arrested.

The deceased was a promising young man only 22 years old, who had shipped as second mate on board the ship Ann & Hope, bound to the E. Indies. He was passing along with the three sailors who were wounded, in pursuit of the cook of the ship, and neither he nor his comrades made the least disturbance. Between thirty and forty buck shot entered his breast and stomach—*D. Adv.*

Another Riot.—A number of individuals (between seven and eight hundred) assembled in Olney's Lane last evening about eight o'clock to finish the work commenced on Wednesday night. They armed themselves with various implements of destruction, such as axes, firehooks, clubs, &c. under the direction of an accomplished leader, and attacked the first disorderly house in the Lane, then the second, until *ten* were completely demolished. Not one reputable house was attacked, nor was any person that we can learn seriously injured.

At the beginning of the work of destruction, Mr. Sheriff Mumford, his Deputies, the Town Council, the Constables and the Town Watch, all appeared on the ground to quell if possible, the disturbance. During the night, Governor Arnold and the 1st Light Infantry Company marched up to the assistance of the Sheriff, the number of the rioters however was so large that they were all compelled to retire. The rioters were bent upon the destruction of the houses, and no force could have stopped them without doing great personal injury.

When this celebrated village was destroyed, the mob repaired to a city called '*Snow Town*," near the Canal Basin, and commenced anew upon the disorderly houses in that place;—two were demolished and three materially injured—the inhabitants were warned of the approach in time, and several escaped with beds, bedding, chairs, tables, &c. As the day dawned, the mob became exhausted, and the leader apprehensive of discovery, he withdrew his forces. Several individuals who were prominent among the company have been arrested, and committed to jail.

It is the duty of all good citizens to discountenance proceedings which tend to disturb the peace of the community. The blacks of this town have been unusually bold for the last few weeks, and have repeatedly defied the civil authority. But in this case, we must go higher, and let the blame fall upon those who encourage and countenance their dissolute habits and mode of living. As long as they can hire one room, and get money sufficient to purchase *fish* and *rum*, we can never look for improvement. A man, to be sure, has a right to invest his money as he chooses, but it is well for him occasionally to consult the morals and peace of the community of which he is a member.—*Prov. Amer. 24th.*

The Town Council met this morning and passed the following resolution:

'Whereas, the precaution taken by this Council to prevent the recurrence of the riotous proceedings which took place on the night of the 21st inst. has proved ineffectual, and that a great collection of persons to the amount of one or two thousand, met at Olney's Lane, and commenced destroying the houses occupied by people of color on the night of 22d inst and as great fears are entertained by many persons, that a repetition of the aforesaid acts of violence and destruction of property may occur this night—It is Therefore Resolved by this Council, that his Excellency Governor Arnold be requested to issue orders to such military companies as he may deem proper, to hold themselves in readiness to come out at the request of the municipal authority to suppress any riot that may take place."

The Council adjourned to meet this afternoon at three o'clock, for further deliberation respecting the riot.—*Ib.*

FURTHER RIOT AND LOSS OF LIVES.

On Friday evening the mob again assembled, but being intimidated by the preparations of the civil authorities, who had notified several military companies to be in readiness, they, after some attempts by their leaders, one of whom was armed with a sword, dispersed—threatening, however, to proceed in their purposes the next night.

Accordingly, at an early hour of Saturday evening, they re-commenced their attacks on the houses of those on whom they were wreaking their vengeance, and the whole town was in a state of excitement and apprehension. "The alarm bell having been sounded, the citizens repaired to the scene of riot, with their muskets in martial array, passed through the mob, accompanied with their hisses and derision and took post on the hill above. Proclamation was then made by a magistrate under the riot act, the mob ordered to disperse, and notice audibly given, that otherwise in five minutes they would be fired upon. They came down to do so. Instead of dispersing, a part retired to ground west of that held by the authorities, and another portion in open resistance to the laws and of those who were present to support those laws, attacked a house within stone's throw, with great violence. Upon this, the Sheriff with a part of the force, proceeded with an intention to disperse this assailing multitude; but were compelled to halt before leaving the hill, by showers of stones thrown from the mob on the west. Two vollies were now fired over their heads without any other effect than producing repeated vollies of stones in return." After several more attempts to disperse the rioters, which were only answered by renewed discharges of stones, "as a last resort, it having become absolutely necessary for the preservation of the lives of those under arms, orders were at length given to fire, which were obeyed. Until this moment, all entreaties, all orders, all force proved ineffectual. In a few minutes afterwards the mob dispersed and quiet was again restored."

Four persons were killed on the spot, and one mortally wounded. Four persons are also named as being wounded with more or less severity, and it is supposed that others still may have been injured.

A *Town Meeting* was held the next day (Sunday) which was so numerously attended that it was necessary to adjourn to the open air. About 3000 citizens were present. Judge Martin and John Whipple Esq. addressed the assembly, and a series of resolutions were unanimously passed, lamenting the recent occurrences, but approving of the measures of the civil and military officers, and expressing their own determination in every way, and at all hazards, to maintain order and the supremacy of the laws. One of the resolutions was in these words:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, the forbearance, moderation and firmness of both the civil and military authorities on the evening of the 21th, under the shower of stones and other missiles, which fell upon them, their patient, repeated and anxious attempts to terminate, by peaceable means, the disorder and violence, which had commenced with an energy and boldness increased by the impunity of previous nights, and their unshrinking performance of the melancholy duty which finally devolved upon them, merit the approbation of every friend to the peace and good order of society.

Another authorised the Town Council to offer a reward for the apprehension of those concerned in the riot, and a sum not exceeding $1000 for the individual who committed the murder on Wednesday night.

Economy in Fuel.—The reader may bear in mind that a premium of $50 was offered by a committee of citizens last Spring, for the most approved pattern Grate or Stove, to burn anthracite coal, calculated for the use of the poor, the cost not to exceed four dollars. The gentlemen appointed to award the prize, after examining and making trial of several which were offered by the competitors, have come to the unanimous conclusion, that one presented by Messrs. Scofield and Hall, of Poughkeepsie, was entitled to the preference. They required from Messrs. S. & H. an assurance that they would contract to furnish any reasonable quantity at the price stated—and in a letter, dated 1st inst. they say they can furnish from 600 to 1000 by the 1st of December next, at four dollars each, including the necessary fixtures for baking, broiling, roasting, and stewing, as exhibited to the committee, and as may be seen on application to Mr. N. Bailey, No. 29, Dominick street.

This improvement will be of great advantage to a very large number of our citizens, and we trust will be extensively introduced.

We learn from the Quebec Agricultural Report for August, that much of the wheat crop was housed before the end of the month, in good order, and that generally, the crop may be an average, and of good quality. Some hay had been left standing, to secure the wheat, and will be of little value. "In general the crop will be short. Barley has suffered. Peas prove better than was expected; and oats are good though short. The reports of the crops from the upper districts vary materially. In a few places they are better than last year, but generally inferior."

The early part of the month was very warm, but there was frost on the night of the 27th: it however did no material injury.

University of Georgia.—The Faculty have resolved "to give an annual prize, of the value of ten dollars, in appropriate and well-selected books, to the best Latin scholar, and another to the best Greek scholar, who shall enter the Freshman class in August, for a regular course. The names of the young gentlemen thus distinguished, and of the teachers by whom they were educated, will be made public, that a laudable emulation may be excited, and the standard of literature raised throughout the State."

LIFE OF SIR FRIZZLE PUMPKIN.

(Continued.)

"I shall not attempt any description of my thoughts when left to myself. Suffice it, that after a sleepless night, I proceeded with the Marquis in his barouche to the place of meeting. In a few minutes after our arrival, the opposite parties came upon the ground. I can scarcely go on with what followed, for at the time, I was totally unconscious of every thing that occurred. My knowledge of it is derived from what was told me after it was over. We were placed opposite each other at what I could not help even then considering a most appalling degree of propinquity: I looked as fixedly as I could at my opponent, but a mist o some sort or other was spread before my eyes, and I could see merely the outline of his figure, though he was not farther from me than eighteen feet. The handkerchief dropt, I pulled the trigger, and stood in the exact attitude in which I had been placed by my second. There was a considerable bustle the moment after I had fired, but my faculties were so entranced by my fear and agitation, that I could not discover the cause of the disturbance. At last the Marquis came up to me, and whispered something or other, the import of which I did not exactly catch. I expected he would have put another pistol into my hand, but in this I was disappointed. Surprised at the delay, I said to him, 'Is it all over?'—'No—I hope it is not over with him yet—but he is desperately wounded; let us return to town—he has a surgeon with him Egad, it was just in the place I told you—a little below the right shoulder. Did not the trigger go easily?—Allons, allons.'

Mr. Fitz D'Angle recovered, and my fame was still farther increased. The Marquis was in raptures with my calmness and self-possession, and even Major Blood and my antagonist bore testimony to the undaunted resolution and coolness of my behaviour. The duel made a considerable noise at the time, and various grounds were assigned for it; but all accounts agreed in stating that I was entirely free from blame, as I had avoided taking notice of the intentional disrespect of my opponent as long as I possibly could.—It had even reached the ears of the most exalted personage in the realm, as I discovered the next time I presented myself at court. 'Bad thing—bad thing, indeed—duel, duel, Colonel Pumpkin;—but couldn't help it—bore it as long as you could. Keep your bullets for the enemy next time, Colonel;—we can't let you risk your life any more. No duels—no more duels.'

The war in which we were engaged assumed at this time a very critical appearance. Our allies had been vanquished in every battle, and considerable apprehensions were entertained of an invasion of our own shores. In order to guard against this, forces were stationed almost all along the coast, and I was appointed to the chief command of a very large district of country, and an amount of force of above seventy thousand men. In this, of course, I include the yeomanary and the militia. I was now Major-General before I was eight-and-twenty years of age, a thing which, so far as I am aware, had at that time no parallel in the service. I fixed my headquarters at ——, as being the point in my district most remote from the scene of danger, and kept a considerable force in my own immediate neighborhood, in order to cover my escape, should the enemy succeed in effecting a landing. Whether it was that I pulled the reins of discipline too tight, or from some other cause, I do not pretend to decide, but in a short time I perceived that with the men under my command I was decidedly unpopular. My personal want of courage made me peculiarly strict in exacting the most rigorous attention to duty; and I have often summoned the poor fellows from their quarters at a moment's notice, in order to see what chance of safety I should have secured to myself in case of an actual surprise. All this, aided, I have no doubt, by other causes, produced the effect which I am now going to relate. In one of the regiments which I had retained near me, there were a great many men, I was sorry to be informed, who applied themselves more to political discussions, than is usual in a British soldier. These were constantly in the habit of reading several radical and disaffected publications, which were allowed, by the supineness of the Government, to spread abroad their anti-national principles, even in that period of imminent danger to the state. This, in due course of time, had the effect which might have been expected. The officers exerted themselves in vain to bring back their men to cheerfulness and content; and though discipline was still preserved, and the forms of military subordination gone through, it was evident that the whole of that regiment waited only for an opportunity to shew the Jacobin spirit with which they were possessed. To a man of the disposition which I have now confessed myself to be, you will have no difficulty in imagining the alarm which this state of things produced. I feared to send them to a distance, as I concluded my greatest safety rested in their being kept in awe by the vicinity of the other troops, and I was equally disinclined to allow them to remain, as I was afraid their rage, being restrained from an open manifestation, might secretly wreak itself on so unpopular a commander as, under those circumstances, I undoubtedly was. The officers of my staff perceived my uneasiness, though none of them ventured to enquire into the cause. My usual calmness and taciturnity stood me in good stead. I never adverted to the subject of my alarm—I was afraid to let my mind rest upon it, and I felt convinced, if I trusted myself to converse on the affair at all, I should inevitably betray the unsoldierly extent of my trepidation. In this state of affairs time wore on. One day, when I dined with the regiment which caused these apprehensions, my fears were worked up to a pitch which I was almost certain must have betrayed me. After dinner, a note was put into my hand, which I immediately guessed to contain some information connected with the subject of my alarm. I accordingly took an early opportunity of looking into it, and found it to contain the following words:—'If you leave the barracks to-night after half-past nine, you are a dead man. This is a friend's warning—neglect it not.'—I pulled out my watch in a moment—it wanted just ten minutes to ten. I gave myself up for lost. In what way could I invent an excuse for stopping in the barracks all night? How could I order out a guard to see me safe to my head-quarters, when, in all probability, it would be composed of the very persons whom I was anxious to escape? I was uncertain what to do. I had thoughts of assuming the appearance of helpless intoxication, and picking up some other individual's hat and cloak by mistake, in hopes of deceiving my enemies by a change of costume; but there were insuperable objections to that mode of proceeding. I sat in a state of complete bewilderment and dismay. I thought it better to make my exit with as little bustle as possible, and I accordingly sent off my aid-de-camps on different messages, and at last, about half-past ten, took my leave of the party, and proceeded into the barrack-yard alone. I moved as quietly as I could keeping carefully under the shadow of the walls, till, when I got very nearly to the gate without interruption, I was startled on hearing a conversation carried on in whispers, a little in advance. The words were, of course, inaudible, though I paused and listened with the utmost anxiety; but as the party were evidently advancing to where I stood, I slipt cautiously into an empty barrack-room on the ground floor, in the hopes of letting them pass without attracting their observation. I placed myself, for the greater security, behind a large screen in a recess of the apartment, on which a number of soldiers' great-coats, and other articles of apparel, were suspended, and waited in the agonies of hope and fear, till I should hear their steps die away in the distance; but to my horror and amazement, the persons, whoever they were, paused at the very door I had entered, and in a few moments I heard the subdued voices of many men, and was aware that they had come into the very room to which I had fled for safety. I heard a coarse rough voice say, 'The tyrant stays late to-night—but it's his last dinner, he had better enjoy it as long as he can.'—'Hush, hush!' said another—'let us to business. You, Bill Halliday, watch and give us notice of his coming; and don't be so ready with your knife—you had nearly settled Captain Jenkins, the aide-de-camp, in mistake for the General himself; and now, comrades, let us renew our oath of secrecy.' He then called over the names of eight persons, who answered severally as they were called; and the spokesman continued—'You swear to be firm and determined in the great object we have undertaken,—to stab our tyrant, the General through the heart this night; to set fire to the barracks immediately after, and prevent the officers' escape from the mess-room when it is in flames?' 'We swear!'—'And you also swear, whatever enquiries are made, whatever promises are held out, or whatever suspicions are entertained, never to divulge your knowledge of this plot, whichever of us proves lucky enough to free the regiment from such detestable tyrants!'—'We swear!' And the villains, by the light of a dark-lantern, subscribed their names to a paper containing these horrible resolutions; and I heard, in my place of concealment, the scraping of the pen which thus doomed me to inevitable death. Need I tell you that every thing I had previously suffered was as nothing, compared to the dreadful situation in which I was then placed! I have often wondered since that insanity was not produced by the intense horror of that appalling moment. The watch they had stationed at the door now came in, and informed them that their victim approached. In a moment they all rushed out of the room, and as it was by this time pitch-dark, I am ashamed to confess that a faint hope sprang up in my bosom that the desperadoes might mistake their object. I intended at one time to rush out with the crowd, in hopes of not being noticed in the hurry, but had allowed the opportunity to pass. I however possessed myself of the paper they had left upon the table, and also of the lantern; and had scarcely time to resume my place of concealment when they returned into the room, and I gathered from their conversation that a captain's guard was marching up the quadrangle from the gate. I listened with the most painful suspense to the measured tramp of many men; they approached—they arrived opposite the window of the room. I heard the command given to halt, and, as the only chance of safety, I started up, and pushing the screen behind which I had sheltered, into the very midst of the conspirators, I rushed to the door, gained the outside, and in an instant informed the captain in command, of my name and rank, and ordered him to guard the door; and, on pain of death, to suffer no one to escape. I now walked deliberately back into the dining-room, where the officers were still assembled, and ordered the Major to go down to No. 4 of the right-hand side of the quadrangle, and to bring the men he found in that room before me, separately, and disarmed. I informed the astonished group of officers that I had for some time suspected the disaffection of the regiment; I produced the paper with the signature of the conspirators attached, and you will readily suppose the horror and surprise of every one who listened to my story.—This you have, no doubt, heard related in a very different manner. The newspapers, I remember, were full for several months, of my intrepidity; and again, by a most curious concurrence of circumstances, I was declared to be a hero—when the fact was, that—— but no matter; I have striven not to be a coward—but in vain. Public opinion about this time was strongly expressed about the incapacity of our generals on foreign service, and there was almost an unanimous desire that they should be superseded. I need not inform you of the command to which, contrary to my wishes and expectations, I was soon after this appointed."

From the New-England Magazine.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

In Charleston, the stranger will not fail to remark, that he is in a country, where the negro, if not at home, is yet so much better fed, clothed, and conditioned than in New York, that he seems to be well at ease, and comfortable, if not rising in the world. The stranger may not indeed praise the principle upon which the negro renders his labour, but he must admit, that the evils of slavery are softened by humane treatment. He will remember, too, that the evil is like the gout, one of inheritance, and that there is now no remedy.

Among the people of Charleston are found many of almost every European nation, and the French society is very respectable. There are here, too, as there were in Italy, frequent swarms from the "northern hive." These are called Yankees, and if hey do not often rise to the highest dignities of the State, they receive in the professions and otherwise, an equivalent for any denied political honours. This race of men is so well known to you, that I will spare you the description, and perhaps I could not describe them acceptably without a little flattery. They bear, as all New England does, the impress of Franklin. The philosopher of thrift has done much to stamp upon his countrymen the principles of his own frugality, and where the seeds of his philosophy have fallen upon flinty ground, they have made the miser more avaricious, and the churl more niggardly.

The Carolinian is widely different from the Yankee, but I know not that he is better. If he have not our faults, he may not be the possessor of all our virtues. I did not remain in his country long enough to see many of his faults; and, to be just, he has very few that appear in his conduct to his friends, tho' he is held to be rather intractable to his enemies. He has, in his carriage and feelings, something of the Don; yet is republican, and would not exact from another what he would be unwilling to render in return. Be generous and confiding, and he will outdo you in generosity and confidence; be passionate and pugnacious, and he would have the less estimable victory there. He is not apt to give offence, for he is courteous, nor will he receive a provocation, without stronger remonstrance than men are accustomed to make in New-England. He will peril life for a word, but will fight no longer for principle than the northern race that I have mentioned. His faults are those of his institutions, his virtues are his own, and they have my undivided admiration. In the city he lives like a modern and a gentleman, among his peers; in the country, he lives like a gentleman, too, but after the manner of a patriarch of old. He is entrusted with every thing relating to the happiness and welfare of hundreds of his fellow men, who are not indeed convicts, but are yet 'guilty of a skin not coloured like his own.' In administering justice he is prompt, for he unites in his own person the powers of judge, jury, attorney-general, and sheriff; generally speaking, however, he abuses no trust reposed in him by any of these incompatible relations. He has grown up among his slaves; many of them have that tenacious hold upon his heart that comes from early companionship as playmates, and some of them are his foster-brothers.

'We twa hae paidlet in the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine.'

I have never seen elsewhere, and I fear I never shall, such an outgushing of affection as I have seen on the arrival of 'young master' or mistress. I have even had a share of it myself, in my relation of cousin to the young heir apparent. A hundred sable arms were extended to hug him, and he was patted, petted, and thrice blessed. This is a feeling that you can hardly conceive in New-England, for it cannot subsist between a man and his cattle; but in Carolina, it raised my estimation of the master and sympathy for the slave. The slave has nearly all the African good qualities, and his faults may be attributed to his circumstances, and the institutions that have 'reduced his soul to his condition.' The worst of his traits are deceit and cunning; but his is a life of unremitted and unrequited toil, and it is a natural impulse to avoid his task by deceiving his overseer. But he is kind and cheerful and he is never better pleased than when he can contribute to the pleasure of a white man. In riding, I have often known boys of fifteen and upwards run by my side for miles to open the gates, and the happiness of any negro is complete when he is permitted 'to take his pleasure,' that is, when hunting or fishing with his master or a white. The old women who are left in charge of the huts will offer yams and ground-nuts with as much pleasure as it gives a hungry traveller to receive them.

It is on his plantation that the planter is the best known. He is there independant of all modes and circumstances, 'as free as Nature first made man,' and more powerful than it is safe for men to be,—having little restraint upon his will but that of his prudence or his sense of justice. In New-England and other 'foreign parts,' he may sometimes have an air of constraint for he is

'Lofty and sour to those that love him not,
But to all such as seek him sweet as summer."

Yet in his own cotton-field he is himself, and what you see of him there you may consider (as he says) genuine. If you are his guest, he tells you that his plantation is your own, and while you remain it is such, in all things but the title deeds. You cannot stay too long, or take too much of the choice old wines, or curse the tariff too roundly. On this subject he can swear too, 'with good emphasis,' and as he believes, 'with good discretion.' I am myself no friend to the provisions of that celebrated paper, and I deprecate the dissensions that it causes to rage; but I cannot, while I wish a modification, consider it the sole occasion of the present depression of property in South Carolina. Were it now repealed, perhaps the Carolinians would be surprised that all things would not ensue to their own advantage. The planter is impoverished, and he feels it deeply, for poverty is to none so irksome, as to the proud and generous, or to those who have once been rich. He sees in New-England neat villages, flourishing farms, and a gainful employment of machinery; he contrasts these with the state of his own district, and is willing to attribute the differences to the tariff, as Andrew Fairservice referred all mortal and political evil to the 'sad and sorrowful union.' A year's residence in a New-England village would give him, on these points, some useful intelligence. He would then see that every one toils; the sons plough, the daughters spin, and few are idle but those who are contented to be poor. The system of economy is as rigid as that of toil; and few of these sons of frugality will lightly part with what is slowly and hardly won; where as the Carolinians, (I speak it not unkindly, for I love them, and, alas! I imitate them.) open their hearts, and reverse the more economical practice of spending a shilling out of a dollar, for they often contrive to take the greater quantity from the less.

From the New-York Record.

AN INDIAN PRESENT.

In the appendix to Mr. Campbell's "Annals of Tryon County," we find the following document. While we are astonished at the barbarity of its contents, we ought to be led the more highly to prize the happy condition in which we are placed, and to respect the more the enterprise of those who in the face of such appalling dangers subdued the forest, and laid the foundations of this flourishing commonwealth. We envy not the fame of those whose names are recorded in this precious document.

Extract of a letter from Captain Courish, of the New England Militia, dated March 7th, 1782.

"The peltry taken in the expedition will, as you see, amount to a good deal of money. The possession of this booty at first gave us pleasure; but we were struck with horror to find among the packages eight large ones, containing scalps of our unhappy folks taken in the three last years by the Seneca Indians, from the inhabitants of the frontiers of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and sent by them as a present to Col. Haldiman, Governor of Canada, in order to be by him transmitted to England. They were accompanied by the following curious letter to that gentleman:—

'*Tioga, January 3d*, 1782.

May it please your Excellency,

At the request of the Seneca chiefs, I send herewith to your Excellency, under the care of James Boyd, eight packs of scalps, cured, dried, hooped, and painted with all the Indian triumphal marks, of which the following is invoice and explanation.

No. 1. Containing 43 scalps of Congress soldiers, killed in different skirmishes; they are stretched on black hoops, four inch diameter; the inside of the skin painted red, with a small black spot to note their being killed with bullets. Also 62 of farmers, killed in their houses; the hoops red; the skin painted brown, and marked with a hoe; a black circle all round to denote their being surprised in the night and a black hatchet in the middle, signifying their being killed with that weapon.

No. 2. Containing 98 of farmers, killed in their houses; hoops red; figure of a hoe, to mark their profession; great white circle and sun, to show they were surprised in the daytime; *a little red foot*, to show they stood upon their defence, and died fighting for their lives and families.

No. 3. Containing 97 of farmers; hoops green, to show they were killed in their fields; a large white circle with a little round mark on it for the sun, to show that it was in the daytime; black bullet mark on some—hatchet on others.

No. 4. Containing 102 of farmers, mixed of the several marks above; only 18 marked with a little

yellow flame, to denote their being of prisoners burnt alive, after being scalped, their nails pulled out by the roots, and other torments; one of these latter supposed to be of a rebel clergymen, his band being fixed to the hoop of his scalp. Most of the farmers appear by the hair to have been young or middle aged men; there being but 67 very grey heads among them all, which makes the service more essential.

No. 5. Containing 88 scalps of women; hair long braided in the Indian fashion, to show they were mothers; hoops blue; skin yellow ground, with little red tadpoles, to represent, by way of triumph, the tears of grief occasioned to their relations; a black scalping-knife or hatchet at the bottom, to mark their being killed with those instruments; 17 others, hair very grey; black hoops; plain brown colour, no mark but the short club or cassetete, to show they were knocked down dead, or had their brains beat out.

No. 6. Containing 193 boys' scalps, of various ages; small green hoops; whitish ground on the skin, with red tears in the middle, and black bullet marks, knife, hatchet, or club, as their deaths happened.

No. 7. 211 girls' scalps, big and little; small yellow hoops; white ground; tears, hatchet, club, scalping-knife, &c.

No. 8. This package is a mixture of all the varieties above-mentioned, to the number of 122, with a box of birch bark, containing 20 little infant ' scalps, of various sizes; small white hoops; white ground.

With these packs the Chiefs send to your Excellency the following Speech, delivered by Conejatchie, in council, interpreted by the elder Moore, the trader, and taken down by me in writing:

'Father!—We send you herewith many scalps, that you may see that we are not idle friends. A blue belt.

Father!—We wish you to send these scalps over the water to the Great King, that he may regard them and be refreshed; and that he may see our faithfulness in destroying his enemies, and be convinced that his presents have not been made to ungrateful people. A blue and white belt with red tassels.

Father!—Attend to what I am now going to say; it is a matter of much weight. The great King's enemies are many, and they grow fast in number. They were formerly like young panthers; they could neither bite nor scratch; we could play with them safely; we feared nothing they could do to us. But now their bodies are become big as the elk, and strong as the buffalo; they have also got great and sharp claws. They have driven us out of our country by taking part in your quarrel. We expect the great King will give us another country, that our children may live after us, and be his friends and children as we are.—Say this for us to the great King. To enforce it we give this belt. A great white belt with blue tassels.

Father!—We have only to say further, that your traders exact more than ever for their goods; and our hunting is lessened by the war, so that we have fewer skins to give for them. This ruins us. Think of some remedy. We are poor, and you have plenty of every thing. We know you will send us powder and guns, and knives, and hatchets; but we also want shirts and blankets. A little white belt.'

I do not doubt but that your Excellency will think it proper to give some further encouragement to these honest people. The high prices they complain of, are the necessary effect of the war. Whatever presents may be sent for them through my hands shall be distributed with prudence and fidelity. I have the honour of being your Excellency's most obedient,

And most humble servant,

JAMES CRAUFORD."

VARIETY.

WISHES.

Say, what should be thy *first* wish, if a fairy said to thee
"Now ask a boon—I'll grant it—whatever it may be!"—
The first wish of thy heart, I think, may easily be told;
Confide in me, deny it not, thy wish would be for Gold.

Oh, no! thou art mistaken—*that* should not be the boon;
My thirst for this world's lucre is ever sated soon;
The only gold *I* prize, is such, as Industry hath brought,
And gold like that, from fairy hands, would fruitlessly be sought.

Then say, what would thy *first* wish be? Ambition's laurell'd name?
The pride of Popularity? the pinnacle of Fame?
The pamper'd board of Luxury, where crowds of menials wait?
My *second* wish will still be Gold, to furnish forth thy state.

Ah, no! the days are long gone by, when such had been my choice;
I ask not fame—for more I prize the self-approving voice;
My *first* wish should not be for Fame, my *second* not for Gold,
But, listen to me patiently, my wishes shall be told.

Oh! give me but a happy home, to share with her I love!
Oh! let me from *her* path of life each anxious care remove!
And like the sweet days of the past, "may we have days in store,"
Oh, give me this, and only this, I'll never ask for more.

T. H. Bayly.

Naval Monument.—Mr. Flaxman, the sculptor, has addressed a letter to the Committee for raising a Naval Monument to commemorate the triumphs of that important portion of the public service during the wars of the revolution. He declares himself in favor of the colossal statue. A statue, he says, might be raised, like the Minerva in the Athenian citadel, whose aspect and size should represent the genius of the empire; its magnitude should equal the Colossus of Rhodes; its character, Britannia triumphant, mounted on a suitable pedestal and basement; the pedestal might be decorated with the heroes and trophies of the country, and the history of its prowess inscribed upon the basement; the whole work raised to the height required, 230 feet, and present the noblest monument of national glory in the world—a colossal statue built by the same kind of labour and with the same durability as a column, with its proper accompaniments and decorations, and perhaps in the end not more expensive. Mr. Flaxman proposes to raise the sum required, about £50,000., by subscriptions from 200,000 persons at 5s. each; and for this sum, if the government could be prevailed on to give the transport of the marble with which the country abounds for the assistance of the work, a monument might be raised worthy of the age and country. He thinks the summit of Greenwich-hill the best situation, as it may be remembered that the port of the metropolis is the great port of the kingdom—that the Kent-road is the ingress to London from Europe, Asia, and Africa—and that as Greenwich-hill is the place from whence the longitude is taken, the monument would, like the first milestone in the city of Rome, be the point from which the world would be measured.—*Lit. pap.*

Matrimonial Rivalry.—On Sunday last, two girls named Alice Greener and Lydia Sugden, presented themselves at Middleton church to be married to a man named John Chadwick. Each was aware of the other's errand, and they both stood in the body of the church, patiently awaiting the election of the much-loved and much-to-be-envied swain. At last, the fair Alice Greener found herself the object of her idol's preference, as gently leading her up to the altar's foot, he requested the hymeneal knot to be indissolubly tied. At the conclusion of the service the bridegroom left the church with his bride fondly hanging on one arm and supporting the gentle Lydia Sugden with the other. They then all returned to the bridegroom's house to dine, where they mutually pledged each other's happiness—Miss Lydia Sugden consoling herself with the reflection that she might one day become the wife of her beloved Chadwick. We understand the man is about 30, and has been married before. The girls are about 20 years old each, and are weavers in the same factory.—*Manch. Adv.*

The Nuns of Mount Carmel, of this neighborhood, twenty-four in number, took their departure on the 13th inst, for Baltimore, after a residence among us of upwards of forty years. They are the oldest order, and of the oldest standing in the United States; having established themselves here a few years after the American Independence, and during the troubles on the continent of Europe. Their old Convent is situated about two miles from this place, and was under a different regulation and discipline from any institution in the country. They live entirely secluded from the world, and have many devotions and deprivations not in use in other Nunneries. They are going to Baltimore to rid themselves of a charge of a large farm, a number of slaves, and to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather. Their present Convent being built of wood is now in a state of decay and delapidation. They are of the order of "Mendicant Carmelites," of the reform of St. Teresa. The original founders of the institution came from the English Convent at Antwerp, and have died here within the last two or three years.—*Port Tobacco, Sept.* 17.

A *Horn Snake* was killed a few days since in the neighbourhood of this town. We had regarded the existence of such a snake as fabulous; and as others may be under the same impression, a brief description of this one may be acceptable to many. The snake measures nearly six feet in length, and is somewhat slenderly proportioned; its scales are quite hard, and form along the back large dark brown spots set in a broad chain of white; along the sides there is a slight mixture of red. The horn is in the tail and appears rather insignificant, but when the snake is enraged no doubt it enlarges considerably. This reptile is said to strike over its head, by throwing itself in the form of a hoop. The black man who killed the one just described, says it struck at him in this manner, but missing its aim, the horn entered a stump, and held it fast until he despatched it.—*Staunton, Va. Spectator, Sept.* 9.

EFFECTS OF LIME ON FISH.—As a barge laden with lime was proceeding up the Ouse from Lowes, from some cause or other it sunk near Barcombe. The effects on the fish in the river was instantly manifested,—hundreds rose to the surface, and a great number were taken by hand. Pikes were seen darting about in great agony; and most of the finny tribe within a mile of the spot where the accident occurred, were rendered blind from the burning nature of the lime. It is calculated some thousands of fish perished. —*Eng. paper.*

The Commencement of *Yale College* at New Haven, celebrated on the 14th inst., was most numerously attended by both residents and strangers, and the performances of the occasion sustained the high reputation which the institution has so long enjoyed.

ANECDOTE OF VICTOR HUGO.—Victor Hugo lost his mother in 1821, and, to dissipate his filial grief, secluded himself in a small chamber in the Rue du Dragon. He there passed a year in literary labours. At this period the party called *royalist* came into power; and all that intrigue, flattery, as well as more *brilliant* temptations could offer, were employed to secure the pen of the young poet in support of the "good, and *golden* cause." But, although his political bias was in favour of the ancient regime, he chose to remain independent, till the following singular circumstance made him a pensioner *malgre lui*. A school-fellow, named Delon, implicated in the conspiracy at Saumur, was condemned to death, *par contumace*, and closely tracked by the police. Victor had broken off all acquaintance with him for some years, on account of their utter difference in politics. But as soon as he heard of his boyish companion's danger, he wrote to Delon's mother, offering an asylum for her son, till means could be devised of getting him out of the country. "I am too much of a royalist, Madam," said he, "to render it possible for them to seek him at my lodgings." The letter was merely addressed to "Madame Delon, femme du lieutenant Roi, a Saint Denis," and sent by the post. No answer came. Delon had already escaped. Two years after this, Hugo was spending the evening at the house of an academician, who had long been employed in the *secret* administration, or *cabinet noir*; in the course of their *chit-chat*, he laughingly alluded to our poet's correspondence with the conspirators, and admonished him to be more circumspect in future. Hugo had forgot the circumstance, and, on requesting an explanation, learnt that his letter had been unsealed at the post-office, and placed before the eyes of Louis XVIII. the very same evening, according to the practice in all revelations of importance at that period. The Monarch, after perusing it, said—"I know the young man; his conduct is highly honourable in this case; I nominate him to the first vacant pension." The violated letter had, notwithstanding, been regularly delivered to Madame Delon, with a view of discovering something by her answer! It was shortly after the publication of his celebrated "Odes," that the reversionary pension was first paid to Victor Hugo, who, till very recently, attributed it as a compliment to his poetical talent.—*Lond. pap.*

THE DEATH-BED.

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life,
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak—
So slowly moved about!
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out!

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died!

For when the morn came dim and sad—
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

USEFUL DREAM.—Dr. Abercrombie's "Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers," furnishes an anecdote which goes to show that dreams are sometimes a very convenient aid to a man of business:—

"A gentleman was at the time connected with one of the principal banks in Glasgow, and was at his place at the tellers's table where money is paid, when a person entered, demanding payment of a sum of six pounds. There were several people waiting, who were, in turn, entitled to be attended to before him, but he was extremely impatient, and rather noisy; and being besides a remarkable stammerer, he became so annoying, that another gentleman requested my friend to pay him his money and get rid of him. He did so accordingly, but with an expression of impatience at being obliged to attend to him before his turn, and thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, the books of the bank could not be made to balance, the deficiency being exactly six pounds. Several days and nights had been spent in endeavoring to discover the error, but without success, when at last my friend returned home, much fatigued, and went to bed. He dreamt of being at his place in the bank, and the whole transaction of the stammerer, as now detailed, passed before him in all its particulars. He awoke under the full impression that the dream was to lead him to the discovery of what he was so anxiously in search of; and, on examination, he soon discovered that he had neglected to enter the sum which he had paid this person in the manner now mentioned, and which exactly accounted for the error in the balance."

THE POLISH HEROINE.—During the unfortunate struggle in Lithuania, a number of female warriors embarked in the cause of Polish independence. The most illustrious instance of this patriotic ardour among the softer sex occurred in the case of the Countess Plater, to whom we have alluded on a former occasion. She is the daughter of the Count of that name, and was born at the time of the invasion of Russia by Napoleon in the year 1812. Her talents were matured by an excellent education, and she is said to be a complete mistress of the Polish, French, English, Italian, and German languages. Her features are eminently beatiful, her stature lofty and fine-moulded, and her hair of a deep auburn. Those, who are acquainted with her, represent her as being a perfect model of Polish grace and loveliness. She was a member of the "Patriotic Association" at Warsaw, and exerted herself to the utmost in its support.—Being resident in the vicinity of Dunaburgh, she attracted the attention of an officer on the staff, then quartered in that fortress; but she evinced a disinclination for his advances, until her suitor succeeded in obtaining the promise of her hand, in exchange for an accurate plan of the fortress, which she destined for the use of her colleagues in the Association. The officer in question strained every nerve to perform his part of the contract, but, failing in it, she rejected his suit, and entered into a resolution to devote both her person and possessions to the necessities of her bleeding country. A considerable number of her fair countrywomen have enlisted under her orders; and the name of each individual amongst them, with her own at the head of the noble list, is ordered to be engraved on a tablet of brass as an imperishable memorial of female devotion — *ib.*

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.—Most of our home readers are aware that a deep cloud has hung for years over the fate of our countryman, *Dr. Dickson*, a native of Annan, and a man of very excellent abilities, who, at the request and suggestion of the indefatigable Clapperton, became a fellow-labourer and sufferer in the interesting cause of African Discovery. Though his friends had long given him up for lost, still a painful uncertainty enveloped the manner and circumstances of his death—a mystery which we are at last enabled to clear up, on the authority of a private letter, written by Mr. George Irving, London, to the deceased's brother, late Provost of Annan. In substance, the letter runs as follows:—"I had a long conversation, yesterday, with Lander, the African traveller, relative to the fate of poor Dr. Dickson. There is now no doubt that he fell a sacrifice to his own enthusiasm. The villain who was the indirect cause of his death, was one De Sousa, a Portuguese, and a great slave-proprietor. In an unguarded moment, and when about to proceed into the interior, he mentioned to this man, that one main object of his journey was to put an end to the barbarous traffic in human flesh. This was sufficient. Ere long he was desired to kiss the point of a poisoned spear, by the son of some petty king, on which he drew his sword and stabbed him to the heart. Environed with perils—a devoted victim—all he could do was to die the death of the brave; and it need hardly be added, that he was attacked instantly by the chief's followers, and literally cut to pieces."—*Dumfries paper.*

TECHNICAL PREACHING.—A French paper tells this story: the reader must decide on its probable veracity:—"M. Duval, curate of Pleurteuil, (France) has been a soldier and a sailor. His parish is entirely filled with sailors, and he is accustomed to speak to them in their own language. When seamen arrive at Marseilles, and he supposes they have need of his spiritual assistance, he does not say to them, 'Come to me and confess;' but, 'My lads, you have had rough weather—hasten to bring up your leeway, and let me put you well before the wind.' The following was the discourse he pronounced upon singing the *Domine Salvum* for King Louis Philip:—'My good friends, while you were last out fishing for cod, many things passed here. The vessel of the State sailed badly; the cry was, "Helmsman, have a care!" but every moment she touched ground—when, one day, the crew in a rage flung overboard the captain and officers, and then to carry on the voyage, they named a new captain—it was Louis Philip. Letters were sent to Rome, and the answer was, "All's well:" let us then cheer him.' He then sang the *Domine Salvum*, amid a chorus of seven hundred sailors."

A PRIVATE CARRIAGE.—The Scots Times tells this story:—"Who is there that has travelled the West Highlands, and does not know *Rory Mor*, the ready-witted, warm-hearted, big-fisted Highlandman, that keeps what her nainsell calls 'The Travelling Emporium?' Surely none. A cockney, (one of the most troublesome and supercilious of the *genus*) who, during a residence of three days, had been the pest and torment of waiters, chambermaids, boots, and, in fact, the whole *tail* of the inn, having at last made up his mind to depart, marched up to Rory, with his hat set obliquely on his poll, a segar in his mouth, and his hands doubled upon his haunch bones. 'I say, Rory, I vants a 'os.' 'That's what I can't give,' says Rory; 'all the horses are out, and I could not get one for you were it to save your life.' 'Oh —— me, landlord, that 'ere answer won't do for me! I'm going off, and what the —— am I to ride on; pray?' 'Just,' replies Jockey, cocking his eye skyward, *ride upon your own impudence*; it will carry you further than any horse in Argyleshire.'"

SUBSTITUTE FOR PLASTER CASTS.—For some years past the Societe d'Encouragement of Paris has offered a premium of six thousand francs for the composition of a material for casts to supersede plaster of Paris. This premium was lately adjudged to Messrs. Brian and St. Leger. According to the report of M. Morimee, their composition consists of chalk, clay, and flint, calcined and ground. It hardens in the air, and even under water, is easily worked, takes with facility every possible impression, and if it does not set so quickly as plaster of Paris, it is, in consequence, the more durable, and withstands the vicissitudes of the atmosphere for a great length of time.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 29th ult. in St. Matthews Church, by the Rev. F. W. Geisseuhaimer, Mr. Jacob T. Lowns to Miss Jane J. Bowie, all of this city.

Mr. John Hart to Miss Laura Augusta Smith.

Mr. Theodore Aubor to Miss Ann Magnin.

Mr. Lewis Lawton to Miss Mary Haviland.

In Brooklyn, Mr John Woolsey, of this city, to Miss Maria Engle.

In New-Haven, Conn. Rev. Samuel Hutchings, of Cleaveland, Ohio, to Miss Elizabeth C. Lathrop.

In Worcester, Ms. Mr. Joel Marble, to Miss Nancy Coes.

DIED,

In this city, Mr. James Craw, 31.

Mrs. Sarah W. Pierson, wife of Alexander T. Pierson, 27.

Mr. Richard Ferdinand Durang, of the Bowery Theatre, 36.

Mrs. Margaret Cross, wife of Mr. John Cross, 42.

Mr. Augustus Webb, 36.

In Bethel, Me. Mrs. Sarah Bartlett, wife of Peregrine Bartlett, Esq. 54.

At Wood'awn, Va. Mrs. Jean Balantine, wife of Rev. William Balentine, of Philadelphia, 40.

O. RAMSDELL'S SPECIFIC, for the cure of *Hernia* or *Rupture*, the first and only remedy yet discovered.

The high reputation that O. Ramsdell's specific has gained for the cure of Hernia or Rupture, renders it unnecessary to say much in recommending it to the public, as no stronger proof of its possessing uncommon medicinal efficacy could be given than will be found in the certificates accompanying each bottle, given by men of the first respectability, who have used the medicine.

Cases of long standing, and Hernia of all descriptions, Inguinal, Scrotal, Umbilical, &c. &c. are cured by the use of this invaluable medicine. Sold wholesale and retail, by the proprietor's sole Agent. NATHAN B. GRAHAM, Jr.,

oct 1. No. 38 Cedar, corner of William-st.

HARLEM OIL! HARLEM OIL!!

The Genuine Harlem Oil.

HAVING until now declined being able to satisfy the numerous calls the subscriber has had, since the opening of his store, for the real Harlem Oil; he takes leave to inform the public that he keeps on hand this unrivalled efficacious medicine, in its pure st state, as he is able to show sufficiently by its external characters how it differs from the thousands of bottles yearly put up in this city under the name of Harlem Oil. Only for sale at the Drug and Chemical Store of

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

oct 1. 377 Broadway, one door below White-st.

WANTED—In the neighbourhood of Maiden-lane, for a small family, where there are no children, three or four rooms, or a part of a house, from 1st October to 1st May. The rent must be moderate. Address J.M., at the office of the Constellation.

Albany, Sept. 1, 1831.

State of New York, Secretary's Office.

SIR—I hereby give you notice, that at the next General Election, which is to be holden on the first Monday of November next, and the two succeeding days, a Senator is to be chosen in the place of John I. Schenck, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. If there are any vacancies in the offices of Sheriff or Clerk proper to be supplied at the General Election, the Inspectors will give notice accordingly.

A. C. FLAGG Secretary of State.

The Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

*** All the newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the election, and send in their bills immediately thereafter to the Sheriff's Office. Sept. 17.

PEACH-ORCHARD COAL,

From "Spohn's Mine."

THE SUBSCRIBERS are now landing, and constantly receiving, cargoes of the above Coal, so celebrated for the ease with which it ignites, its cleanliness and brilliancy in burning, and the length of time which it will burn. Apply at either of the offices, c. Murray and Washington, and c. Canal and Elm-streets.

S. B. REEVE & Co.

P.S. The public will please notice, that no other person or company have any of the above for sale. sep.28

SCHUYLKILL COAL.

PEACH-ORCHARD, Lehigh, Schuylkill, Liverpool, and Lackawanna Coals, all at the lowest market prices. Apply at the Coal Offices, c. of Murray and Washington, and Canal and Elm-streets.

sep.28. S. B. REEVE & Co.

UNITED STATES' HOTEL, *Hartford, Conn* by H. Morgan, is very conveniently and pleasantly situated, directly north of the State-House, and fronting the Public Square. To its patron- the proprietor again tenders his respectful acknowledgements, and begs to inform them, and the public in general, that his summer arrangements having been duly completed for their accommodation, he will be happy to receive the calls both of old friends and new acquaintances. Those who travel for health, business, or pleasure, are respectfully reminded, that Hartford, for the beauty of its surrounding scenery, and the healthfulness of its situation, is second to no inland town in New England; and from its great facilities for communication with every part of the country, either by land or water, is peculiarly adapted to the convenience of travellers.

Besides the more common attractions of its vicinity, may be mentioned the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb; the new improved State Prison at Weathersfield; Wadsworth's Mountain, with its surpassing prospect; and various extensive manufacturing establishments, at different distances within a few hours or a day's ride of the city.

August, 1831. HOMER MORGAN, Proprietor.

THE GLOBE HOTEL—At *Augusta, Geo*, situated on the corner of Broad and Jackson-streets, next the Masonic Hall, and under the superintendence of *Wm. Shannon*—is fitted up in a superior style of accommodation, and provided with whatever is demanded for the comfort and enjoyment of its visiters.—His long experience in the business, the advantages of his location, and the ample preparation made for the convenience of his guests, enable the proprietor to offer accommodations unsurpassed in the Southern States. Jan. 1.

CITY HOTEL, *Nashville, Tennessee.*—This extensive and elegant establishment is finished; and again opened by

March, 1831. JAMES EDMONDSON,

WASHINGTON INSTITUTE.—This establishment, originally founded by Mr. *George W. Hall*, is now under the sole direction of the subscriber, by whom it has been conducted for more than two years past. It is situated in Thirteenth-street, near the Third Avenue, two miles from the City Hall.

The site is elevated and agreeable, and combines the advantages of proximity to the city, with the pure air and healthfulness of the country. The domestic arrangements and modes of instruction are adapted to pupils of an early age; and are, at the same time, so extensive as to afford to youth every facility for becoming properly qualified for professional or commercial pursuits. Able and experienced teachers are provided in the several departments, who, with the Principal and his family, constantly and familiarly associate with the pupils;—and the system of instruction comprehends the most valuable modern improvements in education. JOSEPH D. WICKHAM.

*** Parents and Guardians who may not have the opportunity of making direct enquiry in relation to the establishment, may acquire all desirable information by communicating with Messrs. John G. Coster, Jonathan Goodhue, Samuel Whitemore, F. De Peyster, George Douglass, Lockwood De Forest, George F. Shipman, or others, whose sons are members of the Institute.

New York, June, 1831.

NEW YORK PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL PRESS, established in 1828 for the publication and sale of Religious Books, Tracts, &c for the use of Protestant Episcopalians.

Stock Publications.—Bibles, of all sizes; Testaments, Prayer Books, of all sizes and bindings; Episcopal Tracts and Sunday School Books, of instruction and for libraries; and a variety of Episcopal Devotional Books: The Churchman's Almanac for 1832, just published, adorned with a cut of the Gen. Theological Seminary, at New York—$4 per 100.

Miscellaneous Publications.—Life of Bishop Hobart, in 2v. 8vo with a portrait; Works of Bishop Ravenscroft, late Diocesan of N. Carolina, 2 vols 8vo., with a portrait and memoir; Works on Episcopacy, (Bp Wilson, Cooke, &c.) 2 vols 12mo—A Practical Exposition of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, in the form of brief Lectures, by Bishop J. B. Summer, of Chester, Eng.—198 pages 12mo. price 88 cents—In press, Bishop Jebb's Protestant Kempis; and The Communicant's Companion.

Periodical Publications.—A series of standard English and American Works in Divinity, 12mo 4 vols annually, at $4 per ann. in advance; The Churchman (religious newspaper) 4to weekly, $4 per annum in advance—Rev. W. E. Whittingham and Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Editors; The Family Visitor & Sunday School Magazine, (religious newspaper) 4to weekly, $1 per annum—edited by the same; The Children's Magazine, (religious) with cuts and cover, 24 pages 18mo. monthly, at 25 cts. per annum—edited by the same.

The Bishop of New York, ex-officio President of the Board of Trustees; Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Agent.—Depository, No. 64 Lumber street. *June* 1.

STEAM-BOAT *on Lake Ontario.*—The splendid new Steamboat *Great Britain*, Capt. Joseph Whitney, propelled by two low pressure engines, of 90 horse power each—Saloons on the guards—will leave Niagara at 4 P.M. Aug 16th, 17th, 20th, 25th, 30th; Sept. 5th, 9th, 15th, 20th, 25th, 30th—calling at Oswego on the following mornings, at which place connecting packets and stages leave daily for Utica; also, Kingston and Brockville, and arrive at Prescott the same evening where stages regularly run in readiness to convey passengers to Montreal. Will leave Prescott at 1 A.M. Aug 8th, 12th, 18th, 23d, 28th; Sept 3d, 8th, 13th, 18th, 23d, 28th—calling at Brockville, Kingston, and Oswego on the evening of the same days, also, at York and Niagara.

The *Great Britain* was built in the fall of 1830, by Messrs. Brown & Bell, of New York; is 162 feet in length—promenade deck, 148 feet—extreme breadth, 60 feet. The Ladies' and gentlemen's cabins are finished in the same manner as the New York and Liverpool packet ships, with state rooms. No expense has been spared in furnishing the boat in the most comfortable manner, and every endeavour will be used to accommodate passengers and ensure regularity.—By this conveyance passengers from Buffalo can arrive at Oswego in 24 hours.

Passage (including fare) from Niagara to Oswego, $6; stage fare from Oswego to Utica, $2 *Aug* 1

STEAM-BOAT *on Lake Ontario.*—*The Ontario* Capt. Miller, has commenced her trips between Niagara, Prescott and Ogdensburgh, touching on her passage at Rochester, Oswego and Kingston, U.C. Leaves *Niagara* at 2 P.M. Aug 13th, 18th, 23d, 28th; Sept. 3d, 8th, 13th, 18th, 23d, 28th. Leaves *Ogdensburgh* and *Prescott* at 9 P.M. Aug 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, 30th; Sept 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, 30th. Leaves *Rochester* for Ogdensburgh at 2 A.M. Aug. 9th, 14th, 19th, 24th, 29th; Sept 4th, 9th, 14th, 19th, 24th, 29th. Leaves *Oswego* for Ogdensburgh at 8 P.M. Aug 9th, 14th, 19th, 24th, 29th; Sept. 3d, 9th, 13th, 19th, 23d, 29th; and for Niagara, —P.M. Aug 11th, 16th, 21st, 26th, 31st; Sept 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st, 26th. Leaves *Rochester* for Niagara, Aug. 12th, 17th, 22d, 27th; Sept. 1st, 7th, 12th, 17th, 22d, 28th. *Aug* 1.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN STEAMBOATS.—*Arrangement for 1831.—The Phaniz*, Capt. Letherp, will leave Whitehall every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday—and St. Johns, L. C., Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 10 A.M. *The Franklin*, Capt. Sherman, will leave Whitehall Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—and St. Johns, L.C., Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10 A. M. By these elegant boats a daily line (except Sunday) is now formed between Whitehall and St. Johns, L.C., affording to travellers a delightful passage on this beautiful Lake, by daylight, and a regular and rapid communication to and from Montreal and the U. States. The boats stop at all the principal landings. After 12th Sept. the boats will leave on the same days at 1 P.M., instead of 10 A.M., for the remainder of the season. *July* 4, 1831.

ST. JOHN'S HOTEL *and Stage House.—Wm. Watson* returns his unfeigned thanks to his numerous friends and customers, for the very liberal support which they have extended to him, at this long-established and well-known Hotel. He takes this method of soliciting a continuance of the same distinguished patronage, and begs to assure all who may favour him by their visits, that his utmost exertions will be exercised to promote their comfort. Having made extensive additions to his Hotel, he is enabled to meet the wishes of a greater number of visitors than formerly, with very superior accommodations. He begs to state that his Table will be constantly supplied with the best that the market affords, and his Wines and Liquors will be of the first quality. He hopes, therefore, that from his long experience in the business, combined with his personal attention and unceasing exertions, he will be enabled to give general satisfaction to all who may favor him by visiting his Hotel. *St. John's (L. C.), June* 1831

Meude's Improved Effervescent Magnesia,

ONE of the most agreeable effervescing aperients that have been offered to the public, being deprived of that peculiar bitterness which almost all the preparations of Magnesia possess, while it retains all its medical properties. It is particularly adapted, and perhaps superior to any other remedy in counteracting acidity of stomach and relieving many of the most distressing symptoms of *dyspepsia*, such as nausea and heartburn, and has been found of essential service in gout, bilious affections, head-ache, habitual costiveness—and is recommended in those disorders of the stomach and bowels with which children are so much affected in the summer season. It is superfluous to detail more fully the medicinal qualities of this preparation; the proprietor only solicits those to whose complaints it is adapted, to give it a fair and impartial trial, under the full persuasion that they will not be disappointed in its beneficial effects. Sold wholesale and retail by the proprietor's sole agent, at MARSHALL C. SLOCUM'S Drug and Chemical Store, No. 303 Broadway, corner of Pudding st. sept. 24.

EXTRAORDINARY EDUCATION! 152 Nassau-street, opposite the City-Hall, and 371 1-2 Grand, between Clinton and Suffolk-streets.

☞ A new and most wonderful system ever invented.

HOURS—9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7 to 10, evening. At Nassau street, 152, 2d story, opposite the City-Hall, 4 doors from Tammany Hall, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. At Grand-street 371 1-2, between Clinton and Suffolk, (two lower rooms) Tuesdays, Thusdays and Saturdays.

PIANO, GUITAR, and SINGING—a new and thorough, yet easy system. M. G. WARD, many years a pupil in the first Music and Writing Masters, and 12 years Professor of Music, teaches with unparalleled success in various parts of the world, begs to inform the ladies and gentlemen of New-York, that he has arranged a "Set of Exercises," original and selected from the best European and American works of merit, in so easy, pleasing, and naturally progressive order, as to remove all those difficulties and discouragements so generally felt and complained of, and make the scholar's progress the most rapid, thorough, and interesting Sept. 20.

IN PRESS.—McElrath & Bangs have in press, and will shortly publish, the following works—

Wirt's Patrick Henry—Sketches of the life and character of Patrick Henry, by Wm. Wirt, with the last corrections by the author. The work will be published in one beautiful octavo volume, large new type, with a portrait of Patrick Henry, and will be ready for delivery in the course of a few weeks.

Village Sermons, or sixty five plain and short Discourses on the principal doctrines of the Gospel, intended for families, or companies assembled for religious instruction in country villages, by George Barker.

Webster's Elementary Primer, or First Lessons for Children, being an introduction to the Elementary Spelling Book, by Noah Webster.

The Primer will be ready in a few weeks. One sett of stereotype plates, with the privilege of publishing west of the Alleguny mountains for 14 years from the date of the copyright, will be sold on good terms. McELRATH & BANGS,

Publishers, New-York.

Who have constantly for sale, an assortment of Historical, Theological, Philosophical & Miscellaneous school books. Country Merchants supplied with all kinds of school books, blank books and stationary on the most reasonable terms. sept 20.

ON DITS.

"How fashions change, in this inconstant world!
Powder and Queues held undisputed sway.
When I was young; anon, the hair was curl'd;
And, after that, the top knot had its day.
Changes unnumbered followed in succession,
'Till all were centered in the word, *Esprès on*."

Byron.

LEWIS has been too long before a discerning public, as an Operative Professor of the Seat of Human Intellect, to render any observations necessary as to his success or qualifications. The object of this article is merely to announce the opening of his *New Suit of Rooms*, (near his former establishment, in Broadway,) which for convenience and elegance cannot be surpassed by any similar in the United States. These rooms are spacious, airy, and remarkably pleasant, being on the second floor of No. 183 on the west side of Broadway, four doors below Dey-street, nearly opposite John-street. For elegance of furniture, and tastefulness of ornament he apprehends no rivalship in any similar establishment. Here he intends to pursue the vocation which has hitherto given so much satisfaction to his patrons, on the principle of *adaptation* and *expression*.

LEWIS, 183 Broadway, 4 doors below Dey st. up stairs.

E. GIDNEY, DENTIST,

HAVING occasion to visit Europe, feels a pleasure in recommending to his friends and patrons as his successor Mr J. A. PLEASANTS. From the advantages of having been the assistant of Mr. Ebenzer Parmly, and the favorable recommendation of that gentleman, I speak with the greatest confidence of his qualifications as a Dentist

E. GIDNEY.

Mr. Pleasants continues in the same rooms, No. 96 Park Place.

KELLY'S PERCURO,

FOR the cure of CONSUMPTIONS, Coughs, diseases of the Breast, Lungs, &c.—This deservedly celebrated medicine is now in considerable use, and attended with the happiest consequences. Such is its success that it has in a great degree overcome the prejudice which it had in the first instance to encounter; so much so that some respectable practitioners recommend it in their practice, and esteem it as a valuable and efficacious medicine. All persons having consumption or disease of the lungs or have any reason to conclude, from symptoms that such disease is approaching, are recommended to make immediate use of the Percuro, as they may be assured that no medicine heretofore known, or that has been employed in consumption, can compete with it, it having performed effectual cures while all hopes were relinquished by some of the most scientific and experienced medical men in our day.

For sale by the proprietor, 230 Stanton, or corner of Warren and Greenwich sts. New York, where may be seen many certificates of its efficacy. 1921

J. B. STOUT & CO. Visiting, Official, Card & Mercantile Card Engravers and Printers, Consulan Society, and Counting House *Seal Cutters*, No. 3 Wall-st. ☞ Coffin Plates Engraved at 2 hours' notice. June 3

NORTH RIVER STEAM-BOAT LINE.

FOR ALBANY—*From the new Steam-Boat Pier at the foot of Barclay street.*

PASSAGE $2. MEALS EXTRA.

DAY LINE.

The low pressure steam boat North America, Captain James Benson,

Leaves New-York	Leaves Albany	
Tuesday,	Wednesday,	at 7 o'clock A.M
Thursday, and	Friday, and	
Saturday,	Sunday,	

The low pressure steam boat Albany, Captain Joseph Jenkins,

Leaves New-York	Leaves Albany	
Wednesday,	Tuesday,	
Friday, and	Thursday, &	at 7 o'clock, A.M
Sunday,	Saturday,	

The low pressure steam boat New Philadelphia, Capt George E. Seymour,

leaves New-York,		leaves Albany,	
Tuesday		Monday,	
Thursday, and	at 5 P.M	Wednesday,	at 4 P.M
Saturday,		& Friday,	

The low pressure steam-boat Dewitt Clinton, Captain Sherman,

leaves New York		leaves Albany	
Monday,		Tuesday,	
Wednesday, &	at 5 P.M	Thursday &	at 4 P.M
Friday,		Saturday,	

NEW WASHINGTON BATH

No 12 Fourth street, between Washington Square and Sixth Avenue.

DANIEL H. WEED

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that the above establishment is now open fitted up with every convenience suitable for such an establishment. It is supplied with *pure spring water*, and clean towels. An accommodating attendant has charge of the gentlemen's apartments, while the ladies will be attended by Mrs. Weed.—Those inclined to visit it are assured that no pains will be spared to render it as pleasant and convenient as can be desired.

Single tickets	25 cents
5 do	$1 00
15 do	2 50
35 do	5 00

New York, June, 1831

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38 Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of it is already commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved, where the are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st.

T. KENNETT.

GRAHAM'S BATH.

No. 337 Hudson street.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has erected a commodious building, No 337 Hudson street, near Greenwich Village, for a BATHING HOUSE, where they can be accommodated with

Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths,

at reduced prices.

The above building is divided into two separate and distinct apartments, one for Gentlemen, and the other for Ladies, with seperate entrances. Between the apartments is a large space for the pipes which convey the water into the Bath Rooms, and render them entirely incapable of any interference whatever. There are two parlors in front, one is handsomely fitted up for Ladies, for whose special purpose a female attendant will be provided. The whole embracing every necessary convenience to be met with at any other establishment of the kind in this city.

Bathing is a luxury highly recommended by our first physicians as especially conducive to health; and in order that those in moderate circumstances may avail themselves of its beneficial effects, the prices are put at the following low rates, viz.

For a single Ticket,	$0 25
eight do.	1 50
forty do.	5 00
100 do. viz. 40 gentlemen, 40 ladies, and 20 children,	10 00

Persons living in the lower part of the city, by taking a seat in the Greenwich Stage will be brought to the door, and charged for a single stage ticket only eight cents. A Stage will leave the Bath every five minutes.

Having spared no pains or expense in the fitting and procuring every convenience necessary for a respectable establishment, he hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage. WILLIAM M. THORP.

ROBERT LOWE, JR.

HAIR CUTTER.

Re-opened at 80 Nassau-street,

(Between John and William-streets.

MAGIC MATCHES, or Instantaneous Chemical Pocket Lights, calculated for travellers, sportsmen and families. This article, for convenience, excels all others now in use, and possesses the peculiar excellence of not being impaired by age. For sale, wholesale and retail, by N. B. GRAHAM, jun.

aug 13 38 Cedar, corner William st.